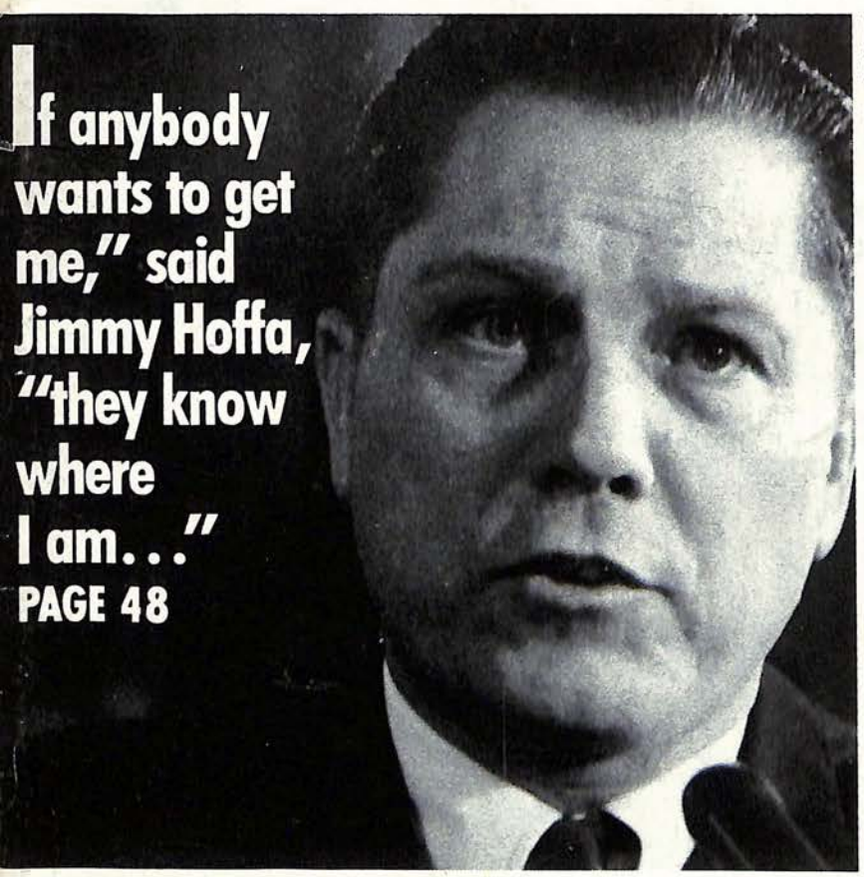
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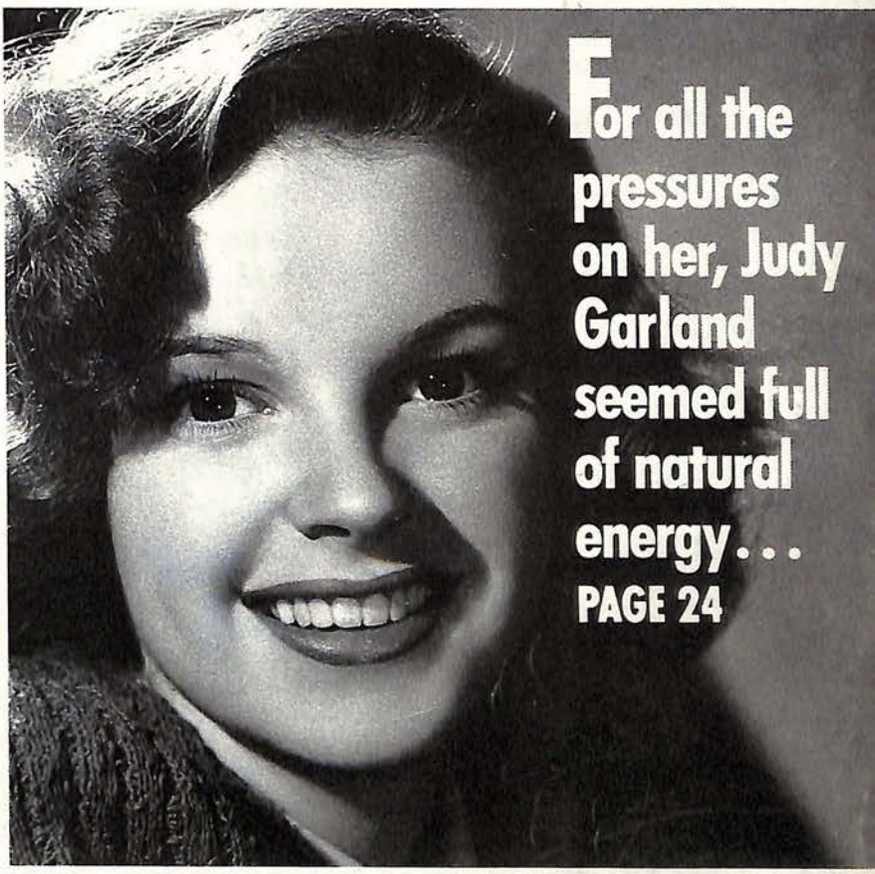
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The Magazine of Then and Now

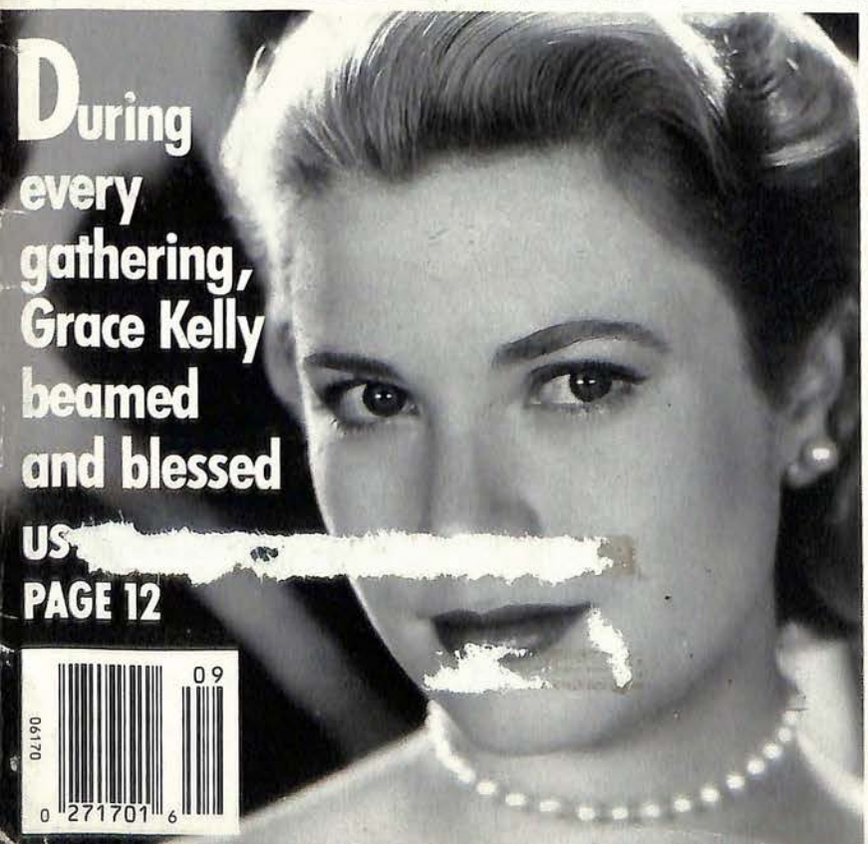
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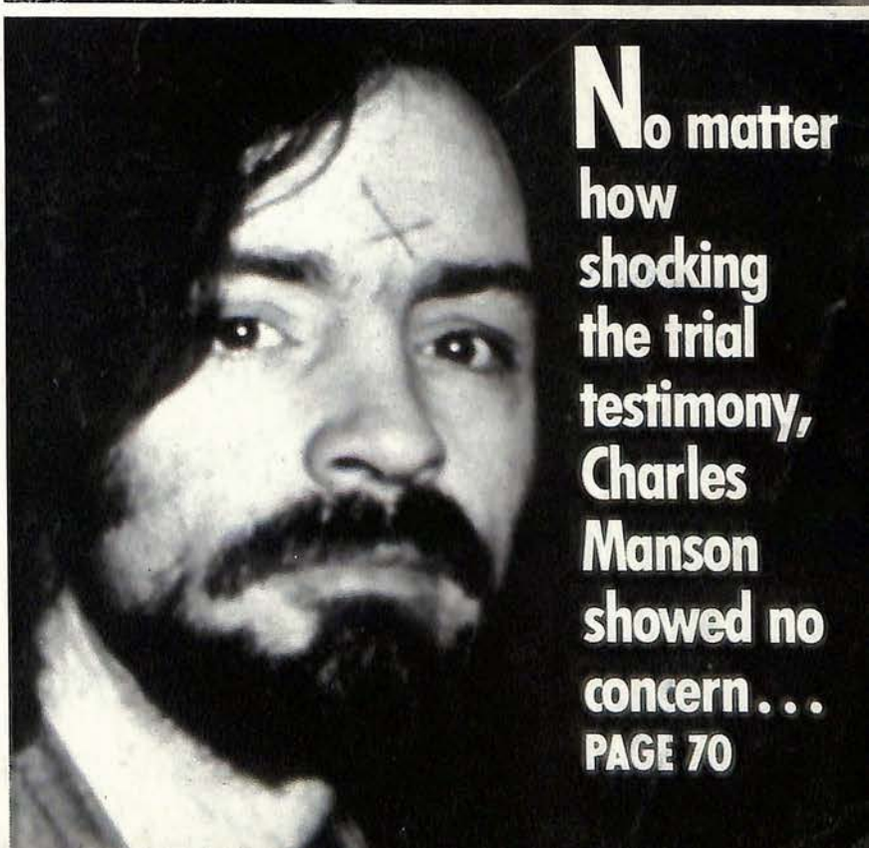
If anybody wants to get me," said Jimmy Hoffa, "they know where I am..."
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For all the pressures on her, Judy Garland seemed full of natural energy...
PAGE 24



During every gathering, Grace Kelly beamed and blessed us...
PAGE 12



No matter how shocking the trial testimony, Charles Manson showed no concern...
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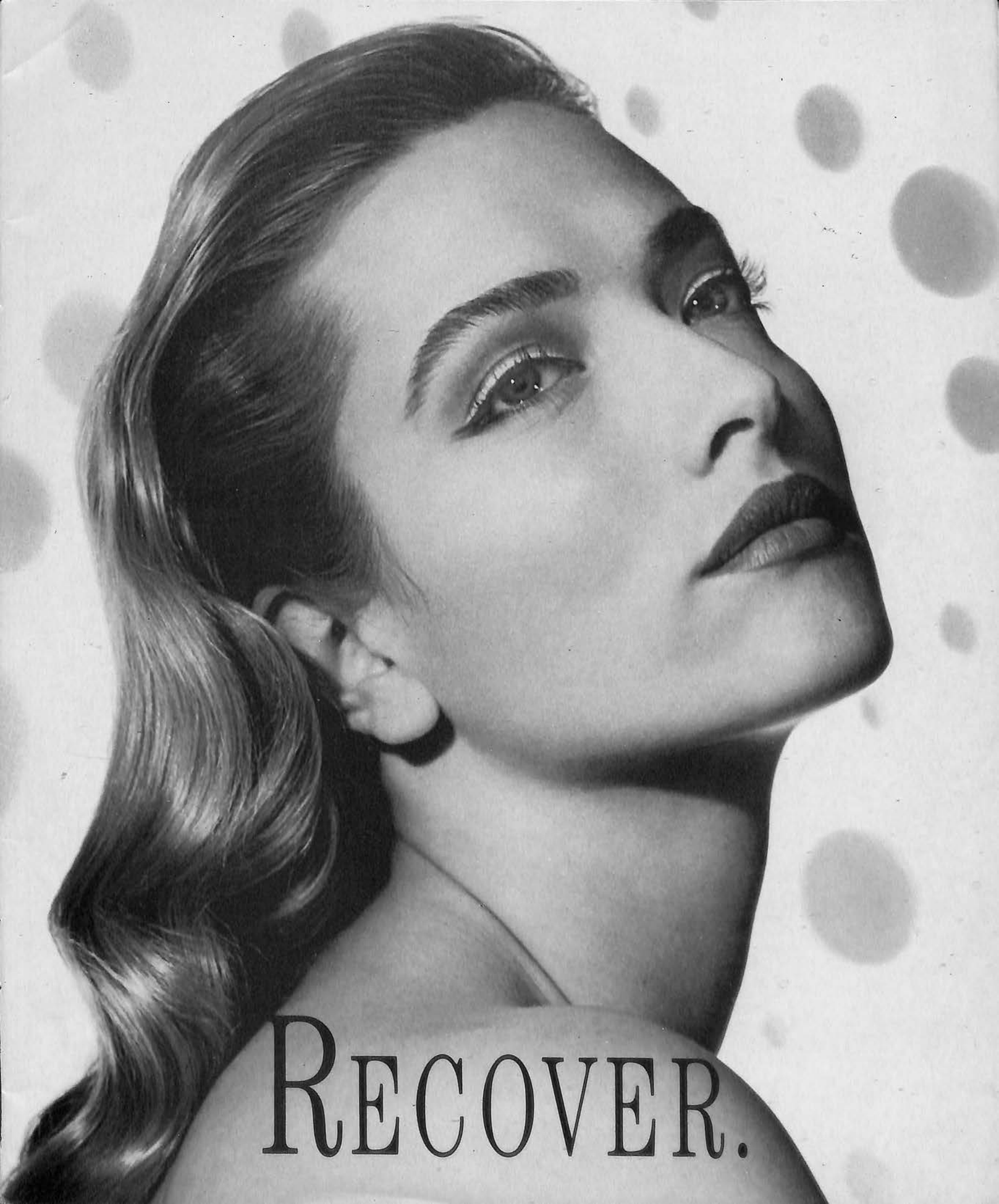
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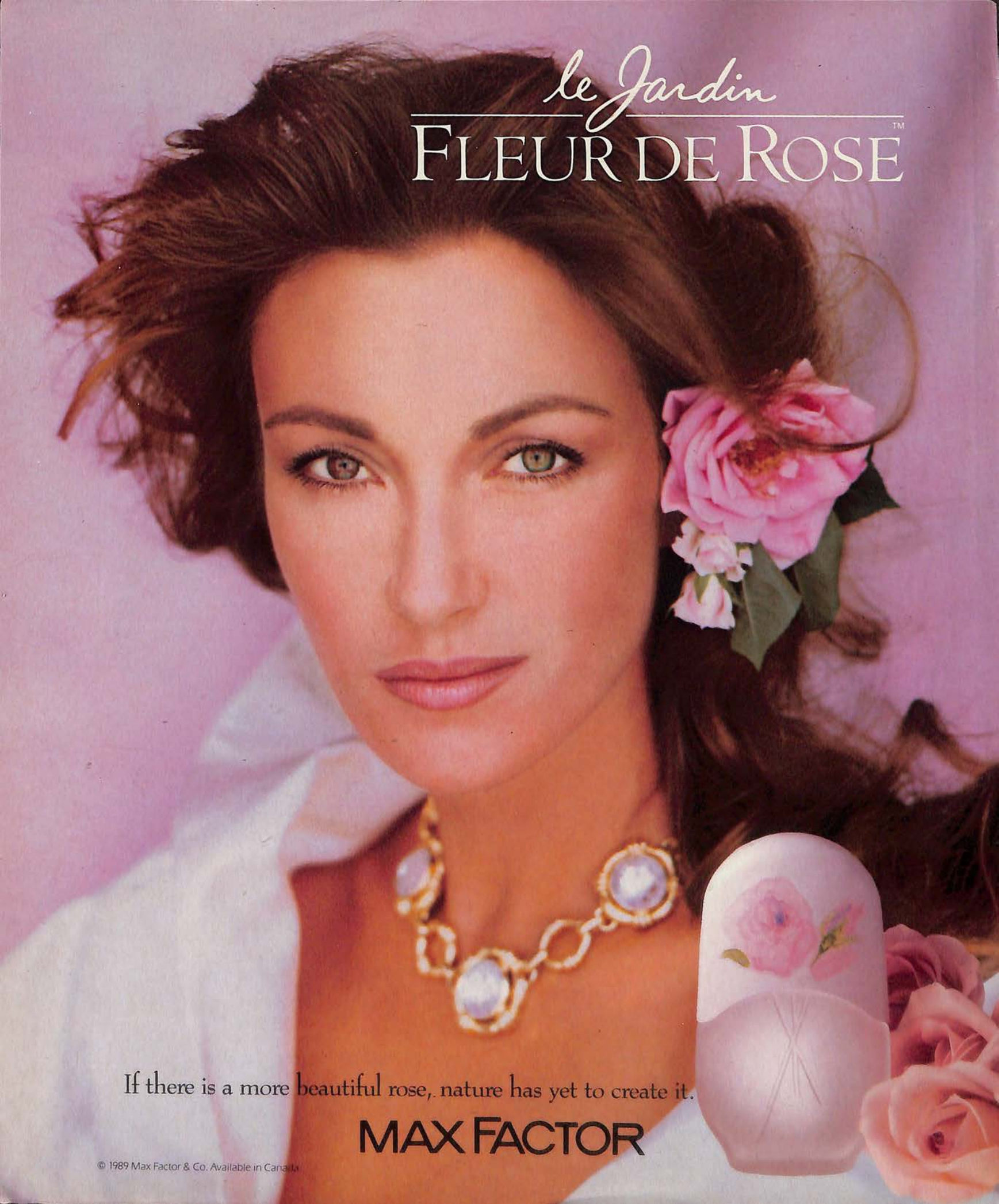
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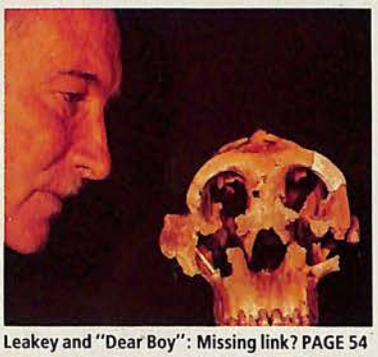

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Memories

VOLUME TWO, NUMBER FOUR, AUGUST/SEPTEMBER 1989

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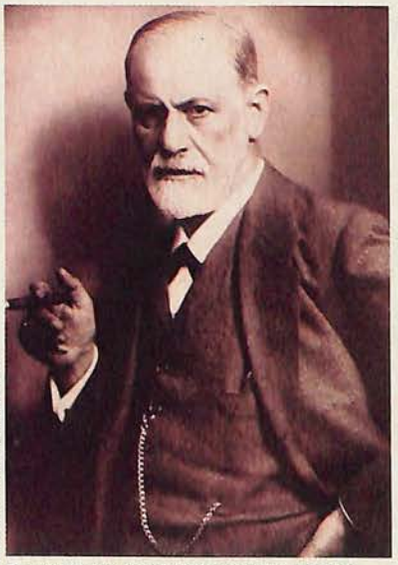
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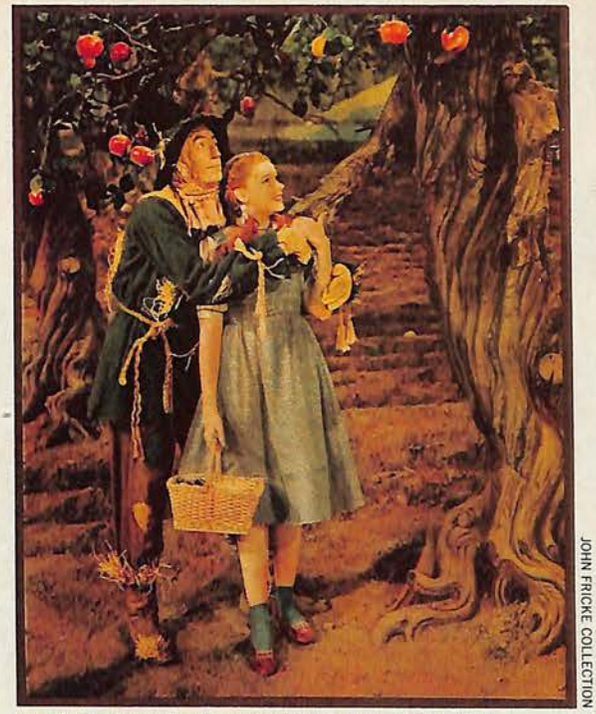
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FROM THE EDITOR By Carey Winfrey

Cover Girl

I direct your attention to the cover. (Go back! You've passed it.)

Okay. Covers are tricky. That's because a cover has to do so many different things. It's a billboard: It advertises the magazine. It suggests, to those readers who've never seen the magazine before, what it's generally up to. It also conveys the highlights of a particular issue. And, yes, when it works it makes the browser reach down into pocket or purse for coin of the realm. But before a cover can do any of these things, it must catch the eye. Any way you look at it—so to speak—it's a tall order.



ELENI MYLONAS

All the things we want.

For us—a youngster eager to make a good impression and with a wealth of things to show-and-tell—the problem can be daunting. Remember the parable of the blind men and the elephant? One, feeling a tusk, believes it's a spear; another, holding the tail, thinks it's a rope; a third, grasping a leg, believes it's a tree. So with our cover. Were we to run only a photograph of, say, Jimmy Hoffa, readers might think we're a news magazine. If we ran only Judy Garland or Grace Kelly, we might be taken for a fan magazine; Charles Manson, a crime sheet.

We're none of the above, just as we're all of the above. What to do? For me the answer is easy. I just say, "Ellen, please come up with a great cover that does all the things we want." Then I go to lunch.

The restaurant I patronize doesn't deliver, but Ellen Blissman does. The former art director of *Money* and *New York* magazines, she combines a knack for creative problem-solving with a startling visual and design sense. Best of all, from my point of view, she lets me put in my two cents. (She's particularly adept at letting me down easy if she thinks my idea not worth two cents.)

Like most things in a magazine, what finally gets sent to the printer is the result of a lot of give-and-take among all of us who put it together. In the case of this issue's cover, Ellen first wanted to run the four photographs larger, with almost no type. I managed to talk her into a variation that gives the flavor of the stories too. Her version was graphically stronger, but, as I said, a magazine—like life itself—is full of compromise. Which reminds me, as part of the deal, I promised Ellen I'd run her cover too.



BOTTOM LEFT, UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS; BOTTOM RIGHT, GENE DANIELS/BLACK STAR

Promises, promises.

If you prefer hers, I'd just as soon you kept it to yourself. Otherwise, we'd like to hear from you. About anything.

Carey Winfrey

YEARBOOK

TOP POP PREP



ARTHUR I. GARFUNKEL
Forest Hills High School, Forest Hills, N.Y. 1958
Music.



DIANA ROSS
Cass Technical High School, Detroit, Mich. 1962
Graduate in Clothing and Textiles Division. Dwyer; Swim Team; Y-Teens; Hall Guard; Best Dressed 1962.



BARBRA STREISAND
Erasmus Hall High School, Brooklyn, N.Y. 1959
Freshman Chorus 1, 2; Choral Club, 2-4.



JUDY COLLINS
East High School, Denver, Colo. 1957
All-City Choir; All-School Show; Christmas Pageant; Concert Choir; Council Capers; Drama Club; 1957 Club. "Singing folk ballads while accompanying herself on the guitar, Judy entertains the student body in the Spotlight assembly."



BRUCE F. SPRINGSTEEN
Freehold Regional High School, Freehold, N.J. 1967
"Bruce"; Freehold Boro . . . College Prep.



NEIL DIAMOND
Abraham Lincoln High School, Brooklyn, N.Y. 1958
Fencing Team; G.O. Councilman; Choral; Sing; Class Nite.



PAUL F. SIMON
Forest Hills High School, Forest Hills, N.Y. 1958
Chorus; Law.



NEIL SEDAKA
Abraham Lincoln High School, Brooklyn, N.Y. 1956
Supply Squad; Pres. Choral; Music Dir. Class Night; Dance Band; Pianist for Assembly.



LIONEL RICHIE
Joliet Township High School, East Campus, Joliet, Ill. 1967
Lettermen's Club; Varsity Tennis.



ANN BULLOCK
[TINA TURNER]
Charles Sumner High School, St. Louis, Mo. 1958
Ambition: Entertainer.



ROBERT ZIMMERMAN
[BOB DYLAN]
Hibbing High School, Hibbing, Minn. 1959
Latin Club 2; Social Studies Club 4.
Ambition: "To join Little Richard."



MADONNA CICCONE
Adams High School, Rochester, Mich. 1976
Thespian Society.



DEBORAH ANN HARRY
Hawthorne High School, Hawthorne, N.J. 1963
College Prep; "Debbie." Ambition: Undecided. Fencing Club, Secretary; Pins and Needles Club, Secretary; Art Club; 1962 Graduation Usherette; Student Council Regular; Junior Cabinet; Senior Cabinet; *Ursidae* Staff, Art; Majorette; Variety Show, 1 yr.; Dance Committees. Best times: With Larry, lunch periods with the girls, and at the basketball games. Voted "Best Looking" in class.

FILM FESTIVAL

Master of Menace



FRANK DRIGGS COLLECTION

SERVICE DE LUXE (1938) with Constance Bennett. My first movie role. They tried to make me into another Gary Cooper, but it just didn't work. No amount of makeup can turn a character actor into a leading man.



PHOTOFEST

THE INVISIBLE MAN RETURNS (1940) with Nan Grey. This sequel to the famous Claude Rains film was proof that number two never quite lives up to number one, though seeing it together with the original movie and *The Invisible Mouse*, a cartoon, makes for a great evening.



MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

THE SONG OF BERNADETTE (1943) with Jennifer Jones. I had lunch with Jennifer recently. Still as dear as she was in this, her first film. One of my best roles, and I felt at home with the cast of highly competent stage actors.



PHOTOFEST

By Vincent Price



KEN GALENTE/SILVER SCREEN

LAURA (1944) with Gene Tierney and Judith Anderson (right). This may just be a perfect film, due largely to Tierney's timeless beauty. Other performances were capital, too, and I think Clifton Webb's first film role was a masterpiece of bitchery.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS (1956) with Charlton Heston. One had to work on a De Mille picture to be considered a genuine movie actor. The old boy was a delightful martinet who knew what the public wanted—spectacle.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS (1948) with Lana Turner. I loved working with Lana at the peak of her glamour. A great gal; we're still friends.



PHOTOFEST



FRANK DRIGGS COLLECTION

THE BRIBE (1949) with Charles Laughton. Not a great film. The excitment was in working with Laughton, whom I later replaced in *Don Juan in Hell*. But the real excitement (pant, pant) was working with Ava Gardner, hands-down the sexiest and nicest of them all.



PHOTOFEST

Rock 'n' Roll on CDs!

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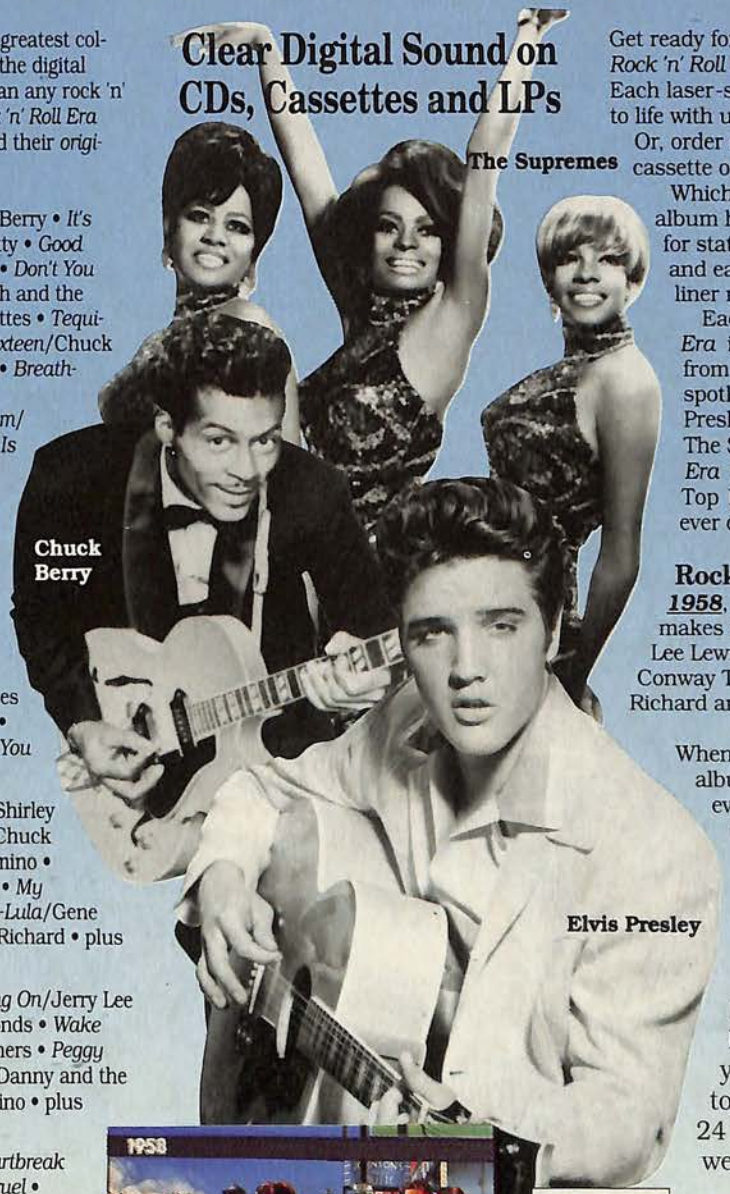
1956 *Let the Good Times Roll*/Shirley and Lee • *Roll Over Beethoven*/Chuck Berry • *Blueberry Hill*/Fats Domino • *Blue Suede Shoes*/Carl Perkins • *My Prayer*/ The Platters • *Be-Bop-a-Lula*/Gene Vincent • *Long Tall Sally*/Little Richard • plus 16 more!

1957 *Whole Lot of Shakin' Going On*/Jerry Lee Lewis • *Little Darlin'*/The Diamonds • *Wake Up Little Susie*/The Everly Brothers • *Peggy Sue*/Buddy Holly • *At the Hop*/Danny and the Juniors • *I'm Walkin'*/Fats Domino • plus 16 more!

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1961 *Runaway*/Del Shannon • *Blue Moon*/ The Marcels • *Runaround Sue*/Dion • *Stand by Me*/Ben E. King • *Tossin' and Turnin'*/ Bobby Lewis • *Shop Around*/The Miracles • *Please Mr. Postman*/The Marvelettes • *Dedicated to the One I Love*/The Shirelles • *The Lion Sleeps Tonight*/The Tokens • plus 13 more!

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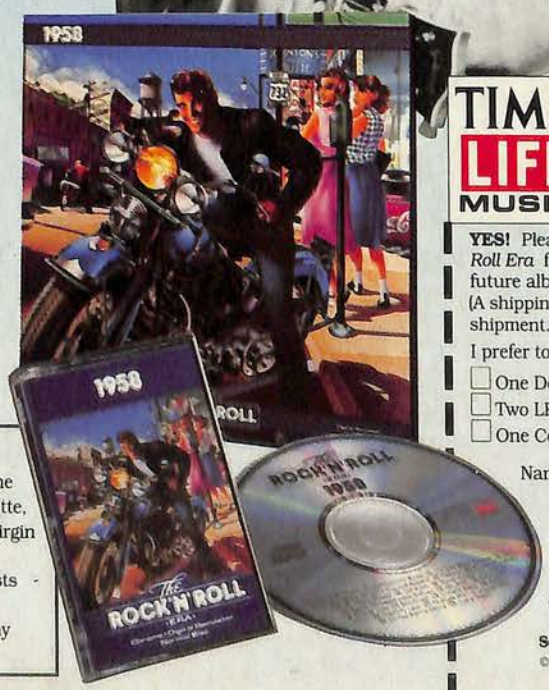
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FILM FESTIVAL



MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

THE FLY (1958) with Herbert Marshall (left) and Charles Herbert. Marshall, a superb actor, and I ruined take after take laughing. Your brother is a fly with a human head? What's to be done? Swat!

RETURN OF THE FLY (1959). *The Fly, The Return of the Fly, Fly II,* what does it matter? It's a great story, a box-office bonanza and fun. Many think *I* was the Fly, when actually I played the good uncle.



KOBAL COLLECTION



CULVER PICTURES

HOUSE OF USHER (1960) with Mark Damon (center) and Harry Ellerbe. My first and one of my favorites in the Edgar Allan Poe series. The start of my long association with that talented director, Roger Corman.

THE HAUNTED PALACE (1963). I never did know what this one was about. I suspect the audience felt the same way.



NEAL PETERS COLLECTION



CULVER PICTURES

THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM (1961) with Antony Carbone (left), Luana Anders and John Kerr. A mad movie made visually exciting by art director Danny Haller. Translating a short literary masterpiece into film wasn't so easy.

THE RAVEN (1963). Everyone's favorite send-up of a horror story. Actually it's a poem with no plot. The duel between Boris Karloff and me is a triumph of visual nonsense.

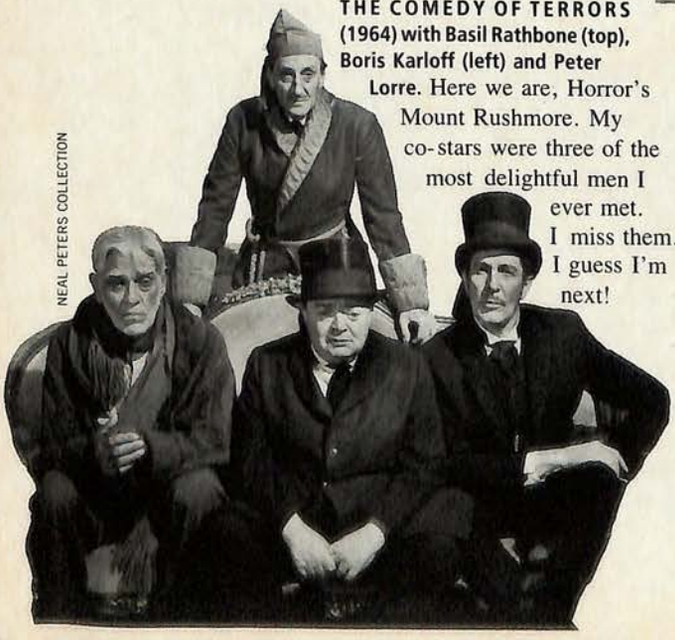


MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES



KEN GALENTE/SILVER SCREEN

THEATRE OF BLOOD (1973). My favorite funny film. It was a black comedy about a Shakespearean actor who kills his critics off one by one. Endless possibilities. A splendid cast. I fell in love with one of them, Coral Browne, married her and lived happily ever after.



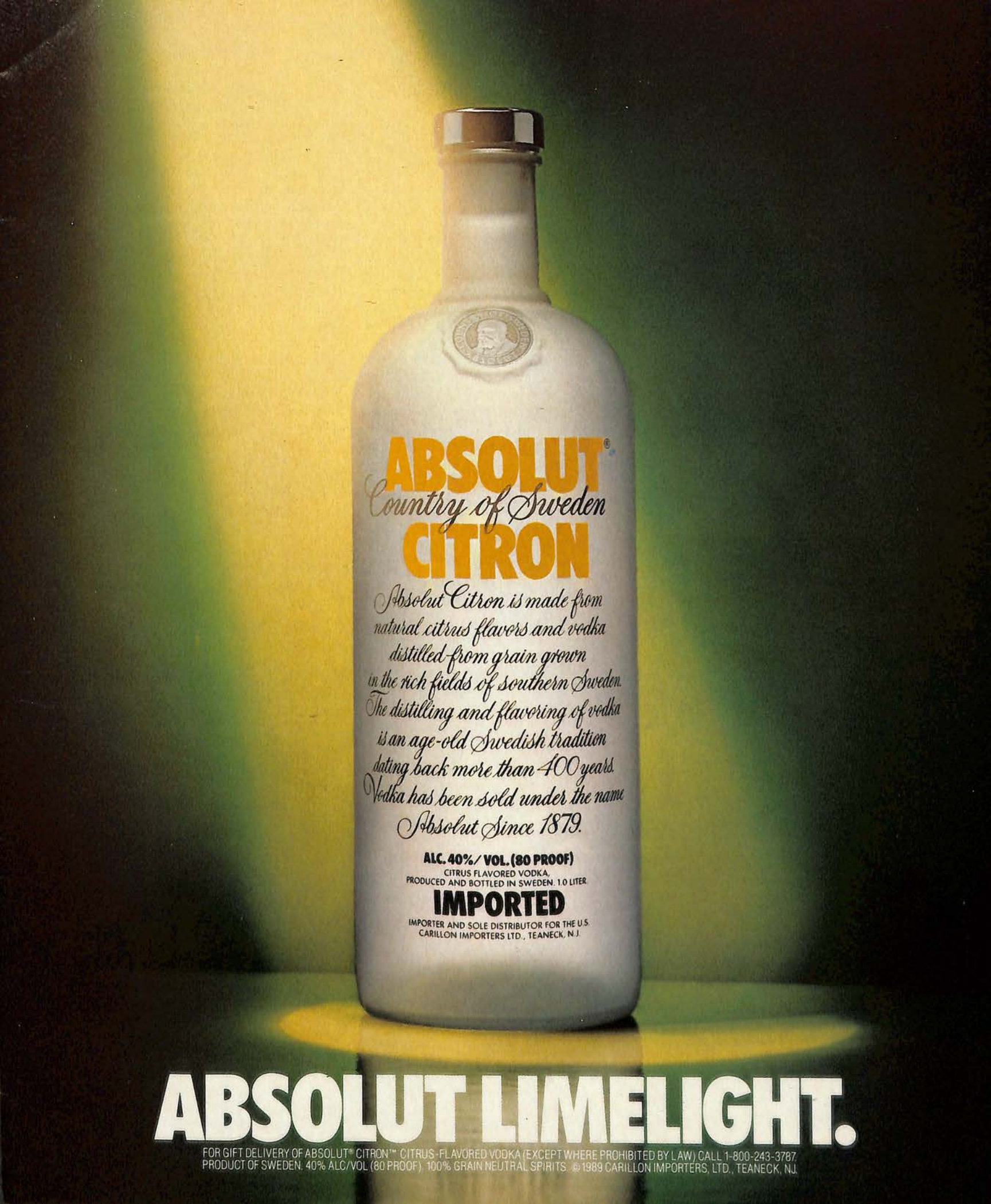
NEAL PETERS COLLECTION

THE COMEDY OF TERRORS (1964) with Basil Rathbone (top), Boris Karloff (left) and Peter Lorre. Here we are, Horror's Mount Rushmore. My co-stars were three of the most delightful men I ever met. I miss them. I guess I'm next!



PHOTOFEST

THE WHALES OF AUGUST (1987) with Ann Sothern (top), Bette Davis (left) and Lillian Gish. They called us Hollywood royalty: Gish, the first star; Davis, the first legend, Sothern a delight. A critical success, but tough to make.


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I REMEMBER

Grace Under Pressure

By Judith Balaban Quine

I had made many trans-Atlantic crossings and had often seen the throngs at pierside, but the embarkation on April 4, 1956, was different. Every one of the thousands of faces on New York's Pier 84 turned to look at a slender, shy, young blonde woman in a pillbox hat, holding a wiry-haired poodle named Oliver. Though tears welled up in her eyes and the lump in her throat made her swallow repeatedly, she smiled and waved. Grace Patricia Kelly of Philadelphia, New York and Hollywood was leaving for Monaco to wed His Serene Highness Prince Rainier III.

I was among those who sailed with her for the Riviera when the U.S.S. Constitution pulled away from the pier that windy spring day. There were 66 of us in the Kelly party, aged 7 to 75: Kelly kids and grandkids, Kelly aunts and uncles and cousins, Kelly family friends and "Gracie's group" (as Mrs. Kelly called us).

I was the newest of Grace's friends to be chosen as a bridesmaid for the so-called "wedding of the century," and the only one who had come to her in a package deal with movie stardom. My husband at the time, Jay Kanter, was Grace's agent and friend, and my father, Barney Balaban, was president of Paramount Pictures, the studio at which Grace had made many of her best films, including *The Country Girl*, for which she won an Oscar.

Throughout every gathering of the clan during our eight-day crossing, Gracie beamed and blessed and patted affectionately. She grew alternately amused or wistful at every reminiscence anyone wanted to share with her. She seemed to cling to each memory as though it were a comfort she would need desperately in the coming months.

It was like Grace to schedule an intimate hour or more each day with one or a cluster of her friends or family. She would send a little note, asking if we might be free for tea.

One afternoon there were just the two of us. "Judybird, there is something I want to give you," she began. (I was "Judybird" because I was married to Jay, who was, of course, "Jaybird," which made her "Graciebird.") She drew a small leather jewel box from her lap, opened its lid and turned it toward me. Nestled in the puffy Van Cleef & Arpels satin lining was an exquisite brooch. "This is particularly appropriate for you, Judybird, which is why I want you to have it now that I am getting married and leaving the nest." There was a slight crack in Grace's voice.

The pin was made of gold, a delicate bird cage with a tiny, barred door that



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

En route to Monaco: Grace Kelly (in red sweater) next to her parents and with author Quine (left foreground, in kerchief) and other friends and family.

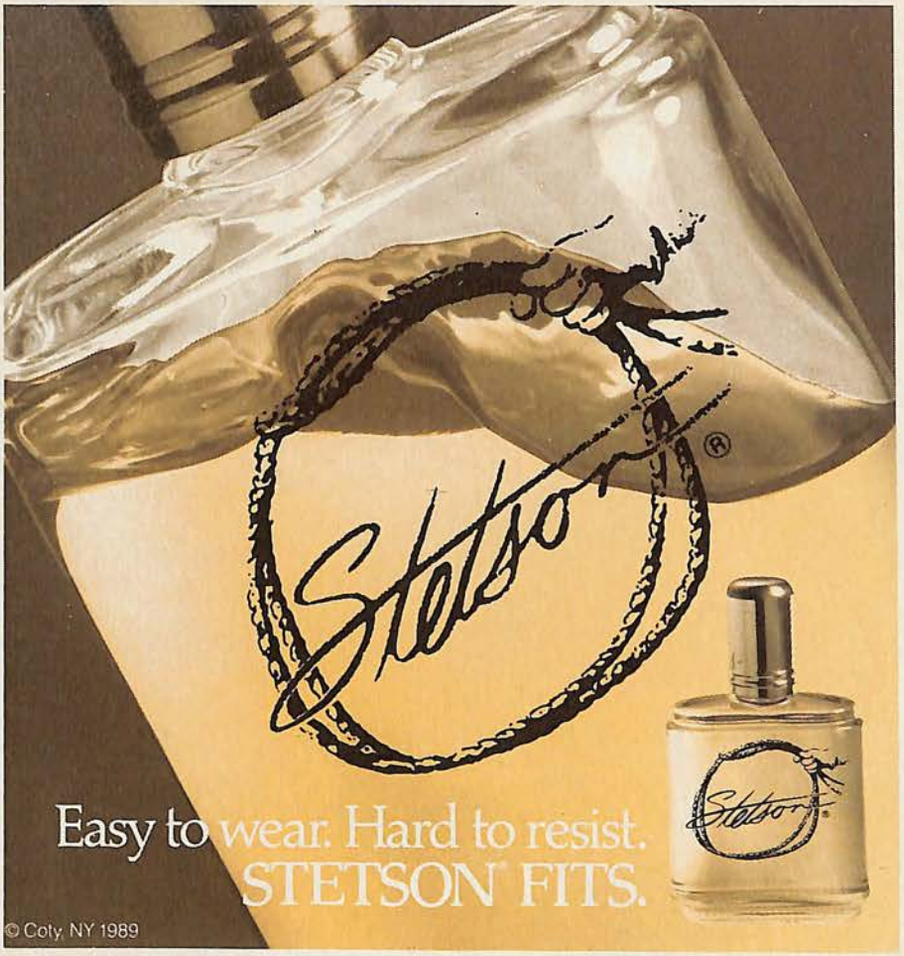
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Horst K. Droeger

opened and closed on a minuscule hinge. Inside, on a swing, sat a diamond bird with pavéed wings and eyes of bright blue sapphires. "Brrip, brrip," Grace added, our customary bird talk sounding not silly now but sad. I told Grace I couldn't possibly accept the jewel; she must keep it for herself. "I can't," was her only reply. Many years later, after Grace's death, I read that the pin had been a somewhat controversial pre-Rainier gift to her from the Shah of Iran. Of course, she would not wear it as the Princess of Monaco.

I felt a bit queasy as I read about the brooch, since lost, handed to me so lovingly in a cabin aboard the Constitution nearly 30 years earlier. But it was like Grace to choose not to explain its origins to me. She probably wanted to save us both from any discomfort we might have felt about the giver of the gift or the circumstances of the giving.

On the morning of April 12, 1956, the prow of our ship cut through the luminescent waters of the Mediterranean Sea. From the portholes we could see the familiar stretch of the Croisette, Cannes's harbor promenade, the jangly toy town of Juan-les-Pins, the sedate pines surrounding the venerable Hotel du Cap in Antibes and the promontory of the fabled playground Eden Roc, where movie stars and royalty whiled away the summer months.

Sunbeams danced on the surface of the sea. Monte Carlo harbor was crammed with every sort of vessel, from luxurious super-yachts to rowboats, from cigarette-shaped speed racers to fishing trawlers and those shaky little rafts you can pedal yourself. Overhead, sea birds flapped their wings and helicopters whirred. Small planes, some of them amphibious, crisscrossed one another in the sky, trailing banners that welcomed Grace and her American friends, blessed them all, and extolled the virtues of various soda pops and suntan lotions. Bands, trios and lone accordionists blared forth everything from Monaco's national anthem and "The Star-Spangled Banner" to "Roll Out the Barrel."

Ahead, we could see the vanilla

curlicues of Monaco's baroque architecture, dotted here and there with the magenta and lilac of the coastline's magnificent spring flowers. And above everything, majestically surveying it all as though from a vantage point of history, sat the exquisite pale pink palace that was to become Grace's home.

Bobbing on the water in a small area that seemed somehow reserved for it alone, Prince Rainier's exquisite yacht—the Deo Juvante—shone like a beautifully cared-for antique. Crew members stood in formation on deck. A blare of trumpets heralded the Prince. He emerged from a doorway amidships, surveyed the wonderland before him, smiled tentatively and inclined his head this way and that in a princely gesture of acknowledgement to all. Then, standing erect (and likely quite nervous, I would later discover), he turned to the Constitution to welcome his bride-to-be.

Grace came through a doorway, looking down to be sure of her steps. Raising her head, she revealed an immense-brimmed white organdy hat, its layers ruffling in the crystalline breeze, and a huge pair of horn-rimmed sunglasses with lenses so dense and dark that there was not even the vaguest suggestion of the beautiful eyes behind them. As a hundred thousand flashbulbs popped, I gasped and shrank in horror from my position near the bridge. Grace and I were wearing the same coat!

Suddenly I remembered a recent shopping trip we had made together to New York. Though we had very different taste, each of us was partial to the designs of Ben Zuckerman and had bought coats and suits from him for the trip. Two weeks before sailing to Monaco, in fact, Grace had telephoned to make sure we weren't wearing the same Zuckerman number to a mutual friend's wedding. Yet it had completely slipped our minds to coordinate arrival day in Monte Carlo. I no doubt had imagined Grace would wear an outfit designed specially for the occasion, not something off the rack. Now here I was, not four feet away from her, wearing the identical coat, and a distinctive one at that—princess-shaped, small-collared and tied just under the breast with a thin bow. The Bobbsey Twins in Monaco!

I thrust my purse into my husband's hands and, while he looked at me as though I had lost my mind, tried to extricate my arms from the sleeves. Jay began to protest that it was chilly; he hadn't noticed that Grace and I were dressed alike. All I could think of were newspapers around the world noting that Grace Kelly, movie star extraordinaire and Princess-to-be of Monaco, had been waved off the ship in Monte Carlo by a bridesmaid wearing an identical outfit. I finally managed to get out of the blasted coat and roll it into a small ball, which I furtively stashed behind a funnel vent. Free of the horrid garment—freezing but relieved—I turned my attention back to the ceremony.

The band played on. With confetti and flower petals raining down on her from the helicopters above, Grace descended a ladder, stepped into a launch and was transported the few yards to the waiting Deo Juvante. Thousands of flashbulbs were popping every second. We learned later that a curse had been sworn for nearly every photo taken. Grace had done the unforgivable: She had hidden her famous face from view. What her hat didn't cover, her glasses did. While editors in newsrooms around the world waited for shots of her gray-blue eyes and alabaster skin, photographers were sending pictures of an all but indistinguishable young woman in dark glasses and a big white hat. It could have been an impostor,



for all anyone would know from those photographs, a stand-in wearing the very popular Zuckerman coat and a white organdy hat the size of a fruit platter.

But those of us who had sailed across the Atlantic with her recognized Grace's walk, at once graceful and awkward, a contradiction that always intrigued those of us who knew her well. When she stepped from the launch onto the deck of the Deo Juvante, Prince Rainier himself verified that it was she with a loving, if kissless, greeting. (The lack of a public kiss was due neither to protocol nor to any lack of passion between the principals; Grace was simply clutching the ubiquitous Oliver, who, sensing his incipient power, had already learned to position himself between them.)

Now Grace and Prince Rainier turned to the throngs on the sea and in the air and waved. Twenty thousand cheers, from the tourists and the citizens of Monaco on shore, roared back at them. Next came a moment I shall never forget. The Prince of Monaco raised his arm with the offhand gesture of those who are born to nobility. Grace waved with her natural, unabashed charm, but what I could see was a shy little girl full of glee for having won the best prize at the fair.

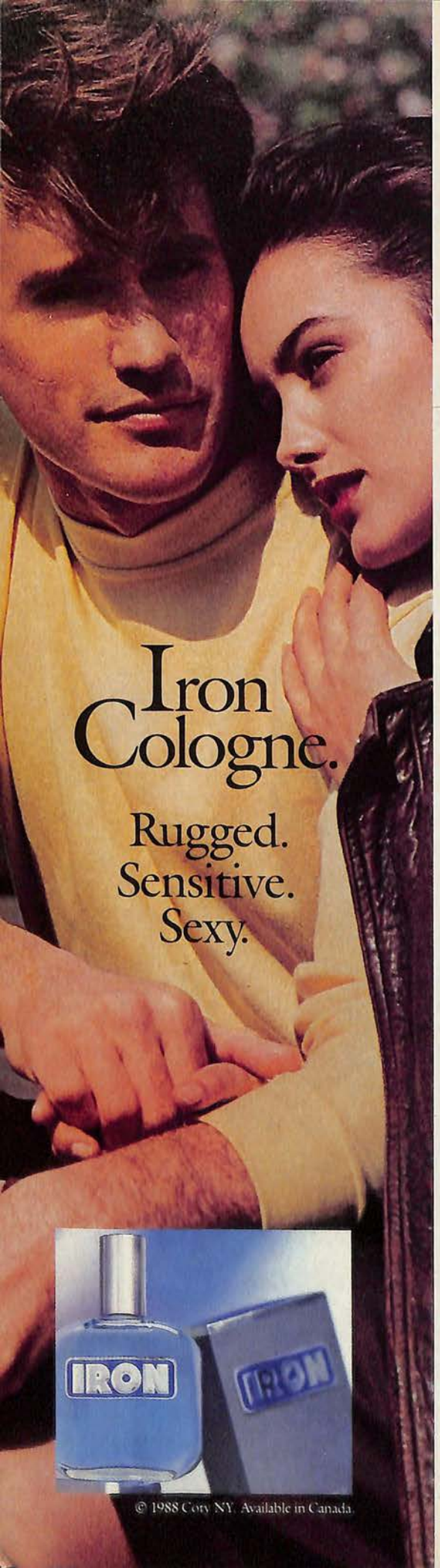
Slowly the Deo Juvante turned in its wake. The boats between the Prince's yacht and the harbor parted, forming an aisle for its passage. The yacht made its way toward Grace's new home as I watched my friend grow smaller and smaller in the distance. ■

JUDITH BALABAN QUINE *is the author of* The Bridesmaids, *published this summer by Weidenfeld & Nicolson. This article is adapted from her book.*



BLACK STAR

As Grace waved to the adoring crowd on shore, I saw a shy little girl full of glee.



State Secrets

By Maureen McFadden



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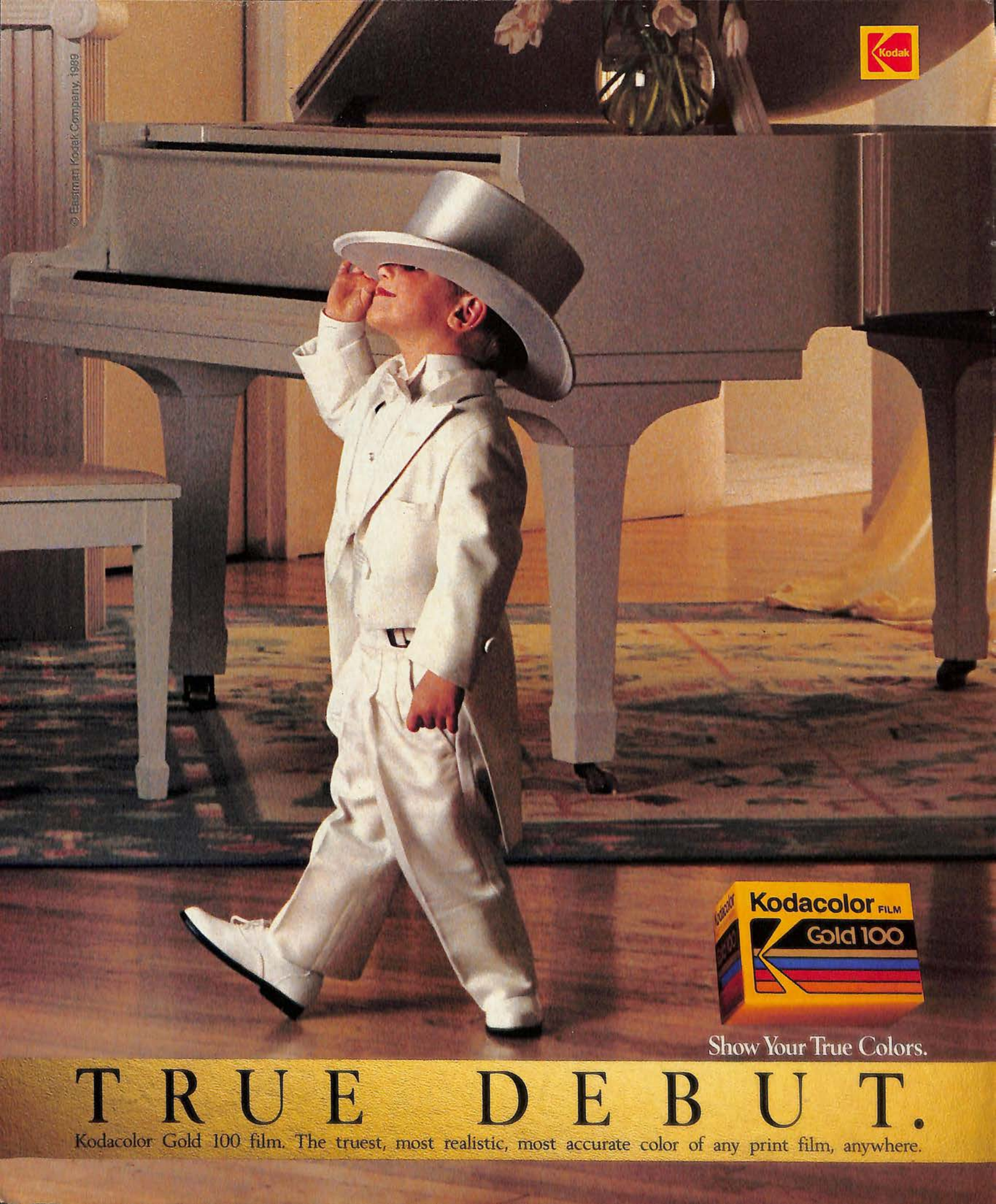
B. RHEIMS/SYGMA

Bacall

ACTRESS LAUREN BACALL, THEN 20, remembers having to be coerced by studio head Jack Warner himself into attending Washington's National Press Club luncheon that February day in 1945. Shortly after Bacall arrived, in walked Vice President Harry S. Truman, who lost no time in sitting down to tickle the ivories, a favorite pastime of his. Bacall's publicist ordered her to "get on the piano," Bacall writes in her autobiography, *By Myself*. "I felt a bit silly . . . but I did it. Cameras started flashing. The Vice President and I exchanged a few words and the resulting pictures hit front pages all over the world."

Margaret Truman recounts the incident from her father's perspective in her book *Harry S. Truman*. "Dad, sensing trouble, tried to look the other way, giving the impression that he was playing from sheet music that was somewhere off to his left. But he was trapped between his instinctive politeness, which made it impossible for him to hurt Ms. Bacall's feelings, and his instinctive political awareness that he was flirting, not with Miss Bacall, but with trouble." Ms. Truman adds that her mother, Bess, was not amused and complained that the photo made the future President look "undignified."




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PRIMPING FOR HER PRINCE

FREELANCE PHOTOGRAPHER DAVID LEVENSON SPENDS much of his time shooting England's royal family, catching them, more often than not, at their picture-perfect best. No wonder he looks forward each year to the Windsor Horse Show, where the horse-loving Royals truly relax. Queen Elizabeth is the patron of the show, which is held practically outside her back door at Windsor Palace, and her husband, Prince Philip, is one of the fiercest competitors in the carriage-driving competition.



Levenson

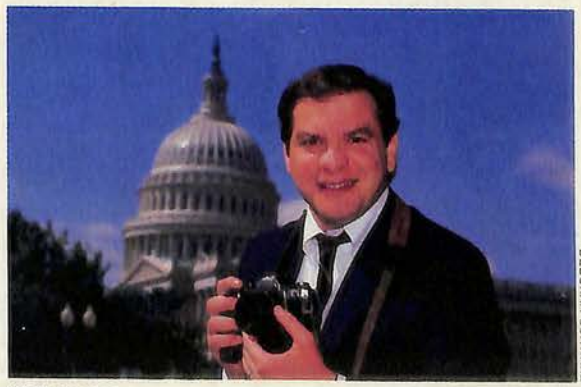
On this typical English spring day—rainy and gloomy—in 1985, Levenson was one of a dozen photographers with lenses trained on the Queen. ''Prince Philip was just about to come into the ring,'' he recalls, ''when the Queen reached for her lipstick. It happened in an instant.'' He is at a loss to explain how he alone captured his sovereign's wifely gesture.



T TIME

DESPITE THE CURIOUS CUSTOM OF GROWN-UP REPORTERS sitting on Santa's knee, Associated Press photographer Ira Schwarz considered his assignment to photograph the 1983 Christmas White House Tour pretty routine stuff. ''Same thing every year,'' he says. ''First they show you the tree, then the gingerbread house, then Santa comes in and the press corps lines up to sit on his lap. Then the First Lady gives everybody a scarf or hat or something.''

But that year, actor Mr. T (*The A-Team*) brought new life to the proceedings and a renewed Christmas spirit to the jaded press corps. ''Now it's your turn,'' reporters yelled to First Lady Nancy Reagan after confiding their own Christmas wishes to the Mohawk-haired Santa. ''She was a good sport,'' says Schwarz, who today is a freelancer. ''She sat right down on Santa's lap and kissed him on the forehead. It was funny, so unexpected. Definitely the most spontaneous moment of the afternoon.''



Schwarz



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50 YEARS AGO



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

INVASION

Sept. 1 At 6 A.M. on this gray Friday, after 20 years of uneasy peace in Europe, the war of nerves has turned into a war of guns. More than a million German soldiers and thousands of trucks and tanks pour over the Polish border. Armies under Field Marshal von Bock in the north, and troops led by Field Marshal von Rundstedt in the south, are meeting little resistance. Since dawn German planes have bombed Polish airfields and military installations, with devastating effect. The Poles, who have not prepared defensive positions, planning to rely on counterattack in case of invasion, are no match for the highly mobilized German units. Only poor roads seem to slow the Germans down. At 10 A.M. Hitler drives through Berlin to the Reichstag and announces that he will not relinquish the plain gray uniform he is wearing until final victory; he cites the example of Frederick the Great.

ISOLATIONIST

Aug. 15 At 9:45 P.M., Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, the American aviator and hero, addresses the nation over the radio: "Let us not delude ourselves. If we enter the quarrels of Europe during war, we must stay in them in time of peace as well. It is madness to send our soldiers to be killed as we did in the last war if we turn the course of peace over to the greed, the fear and the intrigue of European nations." He goes on to say: "These wars in Europe are not wars in which our civilization is defending itself against some Asiatic intruder. This is not a question of banding together to defend the white race against foreign invasion. This is simply



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

one more of those age-old struggles within our family of nations—a quarrel arising from the errors of the last war."

Update After the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor on Dec. 6, 1941, Lindbergh joined the Air Force, flew combat missions in the Pacific and shot down two enemy planes. A conservationist and environmentalist, Lindbergh died in 1974.

ALSO-RANS

Aug. 14 A poll reports the U.S. Senate's choices for President in the event that FDR does not run for a third term in 1940. Democrats: Vice President John Nance Garner; Montana Senator Burton K. Wheeler; Secretary of State Cordell Hull; Joseph P. Kennedy, ambassador to Great Britain. Republicans: Michigan Senator Arthur A. Vandenberg; Ohio Senator Robert A. Taft; Thomas E. Dewey, District Attorney of New York.

Update FDR ran and won in 1940; he won again in 1944 and died in office. Garner, after opposing FDR's third-term candidacy, retired from politics. Wheeler became a leading isolationist and in 1940 broke with Roosevelt. Cordell Hull served as Secretary of State until 1944, winning the 1945 Nobel Peace Prize for his war work with the Allies. Joseph P. Kennedy attained his greatest fame as the father of John, Robert and Edward Kennedy. Arthur Vandenberg became the United States delegate to the San Francisco United Nations Conference in 1945. Thomas E. Dewey was elected governor of New York in 1942, ran unsuccessfully against FDR in 1944, and, against all expectations, lost the Presidential race to Harry S. Truman in 1948.

World War II

Aug. 23 Germany and Russia sign a non-aggression pact, isolating Poland in Eastern Europe . . . **Sept. 1** Britain and France send Germany an ultimatum: Get out of Poland or else . . . **Sept. 3** Receiving no answer, England at 11 A.M. and France at 5 P.M. declare war on Germany. The British liner Athenia is sunk by a U-boat torpedo; 112 are lost . . . **Sept. 5** The New York Stock Exchange soars in anticipation of a war boom . . . **Sept. 16** Russia invades Poland . . . **Sept. 27** Warsaw surrenders . . . **Sept. 28** Germany and Russia divide Poland.

Miscellany

Aug. 14 President Roosevelt moves Thanksgiving to the next-to-last Thursday in November to put it farther away from Christmas. It was Abraham Lincoln who in 1864 made it the last Thursday in November . . . **Aug. 24** Gangster Louis "Lepke" Buchalter surrenders to the F.B.I. . . . **Aug. 27** New York World's Fair sets daily attendance record of 306,480 . . . **Sept. 4** Australia beats U.S. for Davis Cup title . . . **Sept. 20** Heavyweight champ Joe Louis knocks out Bob Pastor in the 11th.



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50 YEARS AGO:
THE WIZARD OF OZ MAKES ITS DEBUT

Teen actress and recording star Judy Garland is transformed into Dorothy, a Kansas farm girl on an over-the-rainbow adventure.

Oz and Judy

By John Fricke

By mid-August of 1939, M-G-M's version of L. Frank Baum's children's classic, *The Wizard of Oz*, was ready for release. After an expenditure of a then-whopping $3 million, the studio planned a premiere befitting the investment: The New York debut would be accompanied by a live stage show featuring Judy Garland, *Oz*'s 16-year-old star, and Mickey Rooney, then the nation's number-one



Amid a crush of fans, Garland arrived in New York on the arm of M-G-M pal and frequent co-star Mickey Rooney.

attraction at the box office.

Four days before the great event, 10,000 fans crammed into Grand Central Station to greet the arriving actors, the scene surpassing anything even M-G-M might have manufactured. At the premiere itself, on Aug. 17, a crowd of 15,000 people showed up at the Capitol Theatre and wound six deep around the block, waiting to get in.

The press embraced the story of a Kansas farm girl's fantastic dream journey to meet a "wizard," who turns out to be a balloonist from Nebraska, as enthusiastically as the fans. *The New York Times* called *Oz* "a delightful piece of wonderworking," and the *New York Post* urged readers to put the film on their "things to do today list."

For two weeks, Garland and Rooney performed on stage five times a day between showings (seven on weekends). She sang, he played the drums and did impressions of Clark Gable and Lionel Barrymore. Together, they introduced duets from their soon-to-be-released movie, *Babes in Arms*.

Contrary to Hollywood legend, the celluloid version of *The Wizard of Oz* had come into being not to introduce Garland—by the time shooting began, she had six feature films and 10 Decca record releases to her credit—but to capitalize on her growing popularity. (The producers had negotiated only perfunctorily for the services of 10-year-old superstar Shirley Temple, who was unavailable.)

Actors from Wallace Beery to W. C. Fields were considered for the role of the Wizard, which was finally given to character actor Frank Morgan, who had been associate producer Arthur Freed's first choice and who lobbied hard for the part. Bert Lahr was selected to play the Cowardly Lion and Billie Burke the Good Witch. The Wicked Witch was originally scripted as a glamorous siren, to be played by Gale Sondergaard. But by shooting time, the character had evolved into a frightening harridan. Rejecting the new characterization, Sondergaard opted out, to be replaced by actress Margaret Hamilton, who had already played the *Oz* witch in stage shows. Buddy Ebsen was the annointed Scarecrow until Ray Bolger, cast as the Tin Woodman, appealed to producer Mervyn LeRoy to switch roles. LeRoy went along with the change, but after only two weeks of filming, Ebsen developed such a violent allergic reaction to his "tin" makeup that he had to be hospitalized. M-G-M borrowed Jack Haley from 20th Century-Fox to replace him.

Garland had a different problem. In the script, Dorothy was 12; Garland was in fact 16, a *bountiful* 16. A special brassiere had to be constructed to take four years off her anatomy. "They decided my bosom was too big," Garland later recalled, "so at first they tried to tape it down. Then a woman turned up who was called the Cellini of the corset world. She made me a corset of steel and I was laced up in that. I looked like a male Mary Pickford by the time they got through with me!"

Under wraps or not, she captivated cast and crew alike. Years later, Bolger recalled his first glimpse of her on the *Oz* set. "I looked over and saw the most beautiful child—with a special kind of beauty—and I said, 'That's Dorothy.' What a beautiful person [Judy] was inside, and what respect she had for her fellow performers. She didn't try to upstage or steal a scene. She worked *with* you."

She was also fun to have around. "She would take one look at us in our ridiculous costumes," Bolger remembered, "and burst into laughter." Knowing her taste in poetry, he gave her a first edition of Edgar Allan Poe's "The Raven" as an end-of-production remembrance.

Former schoolteacher Hamilton—Dorothy's on-screen nemesis—was actually Garland's closest companion, with whom she shared everything from secrets to tea parties. (Garland later recalled having to choke back laughter as Hamilton tried to keep her green witch's makeup from staining napkins and tea-time treats.) "Between takes," Hamilton later recalled, "Judy would slip off to the little studio school and study, then come back and do her part—no simple little part. Remarkable. She was a remarkable, darling child . . . . Everybody loved her. When she came on the set, it was as though the lights got brighter."

Garland's own memories of *Oz* were somewhat more complex. Appearing in virtually every scene, she recalled hours under hot lights and the difficulty of balancing acting and three hours of schoolwork each day. "I'd do a scene and then be rushed off by the schoolteacher to study arithmetic for eight minutes," she remembered. "Then they'd call me back to do another scene, and then back to 17 minutes of history." Offsetting the drudgery, however, was the affection she felt for her grown-up co-stars. Haley, Bolger and Lahr "kidded the life out of me," she said. Occasionally her sense of humor got her in trouble. In one scene, in which she was supposed to berate the Cowardly Lion for trying to bite her dog, Toto, Garland got the giggles when Bert Lahr's Lion began to shed crocodile tears. An exasperated Victor Fleming, the director, finally took her aside and slapped her face to sober her. When Garland later overheard Fleming expressing regret over his behavior, she kissed him on the nose.

Meinhardt Raabe, who played the Munchkin Coroner, remembers that Garland









LESTER GLASSNER COLLECTION/NEAL PETERS (6)



Change was a way of life on the *Oz* set. By the time the 18 months of production ended, the movie required the services of four directors, 130 Munchkins, a dozen Winged Monkeys, two dozen Winkie Guards, 300 extras and a dog. Before shooting began, Dorothy went from baby-doll blonde to dark-haired innocent (left) to contemporary preteen. Even Dorothy's famous ruby slippers evolved over time. But in the midst of mishaps and difficulties, Garland's cheerfulness acted as an anchor for cast and crew. Her directors praised the young actress's professionalism; the Munchkins considered her a kindred spirit. Off camera, former schoolteacher Margaret Hamilton became Garland's best friend.

gravitated toward the Little People because many had been in vaudeville. "We had that in common with her. We were troupers and she recognized that." Years later, she told television talk-show host Jack Paar about one Munchkin, "about 40," who asked her to go out with him. "Oh, no, my mother wouldn't like that," she responded. "Aw, c'mon," he suggestively proposed, "bring yer ma too."

If, for all the pressures on her, Garland seemed full of natural energy, the film seemed full of problems. After only 12 days of shooting, in part because he didn't like Garland's baby-doll blonde appearance, producer LeRoy fired the original director, Richard Thorpe. George Cukor, who was already scheduled to direct *Gone With the Wind*, was brought in as a temporary replacement. In a few days he revamped the makeup and wardrobe for Dorothy, the Scarecrow and the Wicked Witch. Then he was replaced by Victor Fleming, who started shooting all over again.

But the problems were also beginning again. During the filming of one scene, the support wires holding a pair of Winged Monkeys snapped, sending the actors crashing to the stage floor and then to the hospital. Margaret Hamilton's stand-in, Betty Danko, was injured when the Witch's trick broomstick blew up during a stunt shot. Hamilton herself was severely burned when a special-effects "fire" was set off prematurely. The actress was sidelined for six weeks. At one point, because of concern over skyrocketing production costs, the studio even considered abandoning the project altogether.

With only three weeks of shooting left, Fleming was himself suddenly called away to take over direction of the foundering *Gone With the Wind* from Cukor. King Vidor became *Oz*'s fourth, and mer-

The Long and Winding Road



JOHN FRICKE COLLECTION

The Gumm Sisters: Mary Jane (left), Virginia and "Baby" Frances in 1929. Garland spent 11 years in vaudeville.

After *Oz*'s release, Judy Garland's life took a dramatic, even fateful, turn. The film established her as a superstar capable of generating enormous revenues, and the unrelenting pressure to produce box-office bonanzas at an ever-faster rate contributed to her undoing. Garland's dependency on drugs began after *Oz*, Jack Haley once pointed out, "when she turned out pictures faster than Metro could make money on them."

Garland's own yellow brick road had begun in Grand Rapids, Minn., where she was born Frances Ethel Gumm on June 10, 1922. Her father managed the local theater, and her mother played piano to accompany silent movies. At the age of 2, "Baby" Gumm joined her two older sisters in a singing act. Two years later, the family moved to California.

After nine years in vaudeville and with credits in five short musical films, 12-year-old Baby Gumm changed her name to Judy Garland. (The name Garland was suggested by actor George Jessel; Hoagy Carmichael's "Judy" was her favorite song at the time.) Over the next 15 years she would make some 28 films (including *For Me and My Gal*, *Meet Me in St. Louis* and *Easter Parade*), more than 80 records, and hundreds of radio, benefit and personal appearances.



KEN GALENTE/SILVER SCREEN

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS (1944).

At the same time, the prodigious output exacted a costly toll in nervous exhaustion and illness, leading to the abuse of prescription medicines. Garland sought relief in analysis, hospitalizations and occasional flight from the Hollywood scene. But eventually she became a prisoner of her own stardom. Despite occasional protests that she wanted nothing more than to be a wife and mother, she lacked both the financial and emotional resources to quit the business. After having to replace her in three films in three years, M-G-M released her from her contract in 1950. She was 28 years old and, by Hollywood standards, both unreliable and unemployable.



KOBAL COLLECTION

EASTER PARADE (1948) with Fred Astaire.

By this time Garland's personal life, too, was in considerable turmoil. She had wed director Vincente Minnelli in 1945 and had given birth to a daughter, Liza, a year later, but by 1951 the marriage was heading for divorce. (An earlier marriage, to composer David Rose, had also ended in divorce.) In 1952 Garland married her manager, entrepreneur Sid Luft. They had two children—Lorna, born in 1952, and Joe, born three years later—but their 13-year union was a



NEAL PETERS COLLECTION

A CHILD IS WAITING (1963) with Burt Lancaster.

sometimes stormy one.

The last two decades of Garland's life proved a roller-coaster of triumph and tumult. There were financial and marital difficulties, custody battles over her two younger children, canceled concerts, aborted film roles, lawsuits, illnesses, excessive weight gains and losses, and hospitalizations. She would seek relief in medication and then try to give it up, and each surreptitious relapse would be accompanied by crushing guilt. She married actor Mark Herron in 1965 (they were divorced in 1967) and musician/manager Mickey Deans in 1969, just three months before her death.

Over and above her personal difficulties, however, Garland's career continued unabated with a succession of concerts (more than 1,100) at such hallowed showcases as the London Palladium, Carnegie Hall, the Metropolitan Opera House and the Hollywood Bowl. She broke box-office records during three Broadway engagements at the Palace Theatre; for the first of these (in 1951/52) she won a special Tony Award. She also made four television specials, starred in a 26-week TV series, *The Judy Garland Show*, and made guest appearances on some 20 other programs. Of her many record albums, *Judy at Carnegie Hall* won five Grammy Awards in 1962. Between 1954 and 1962 she starred in four films. For two of them, *A Star Is Born* and *Judgment at Nuremberg*, she was nominated for Academy Awards, as best actress and best supporting actress, respectively.


PHOTOFEST

A STAR IS BORN (1954) with James Mason.

Even at the worst of times, Garland took comfort from the adulation of her fans. "Audiences have kept me alive since I was 30 months old," she said in 1967. "I enjoy them as much as they enjoy being entertained by me. I come alive on stage; I lose every pain. I don't feel a thing but happiness."

In the spring of 1969, the newly remarried Garland seemed happy and hopeful once again. Then, 12 days after her 47th birthday, on June 22, 1969, her husband found her dead in the bathroom of their rented London cottage. According to the coroner's report, the cause of her death was "Barbiturate poisoning—incautious self-overdose, accidental."

Ray Bolger put it better. "Judy didn't die," he said. "She just wore out." —J.F.


PHOTOFEST

JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG (1961).

cifully its last, director. Garland's one sorrow at the film's completion was not being able to purchase her Cairn Terrier co-star; Toto's owner would not part with her. There was little time for regret, however. Days after finishing *Oz*, Garland was sent off on a brief personal-appearance tour. Six weeks later she was back in the studio to film *Babes in Arms*.

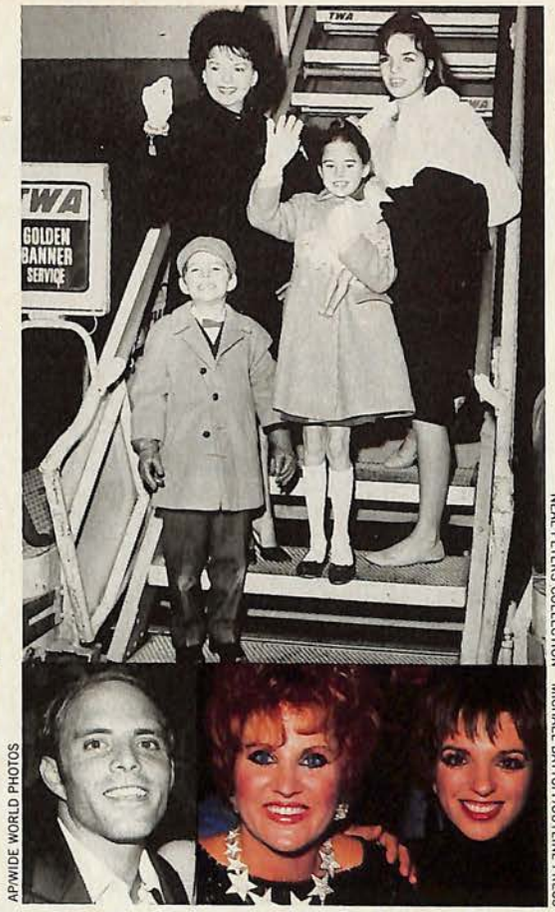
For a time during the editing of *Oz*, studio executives contemplated cutting the song "Over the Rainbow"; they thought it slowed the film's pace. Wiser heads prevailed, and with "Rainbow" as its centerpiece, *Oz* went on to become one of the biggest hits of one of Hollywood's biggest years (see "1939: Star-Studded Year"). It would be nominated for a best-picture Academy Award (it lost out to *Gone With the Wind*, though it won Oscars for best song and best original score), and Garland would garner a special juvenile award from the Academy. In lieu of an acceptance speech, Garland delighted the audience by singing "Over the Rainbow."

Garland herself never entirely lost the sense of wonder, innocence and appeal that Dorothy embodied. And when the bad times came to Garland, moviegoers' memories of that quintessentially engaging child kept them in her corner. No wonder that "Over the Rainbow" became her anthem, the one song no audience would ever let her leave the stage without singing. In later years the actress said it was "the prettiest song in the world . . . the best song ever written. It never becomes stale because it ends with a question . . . that keeps it from being overly sentimental."

In 1956, M-G-M sold television rights to the film to CBS, and viewing the movie on the home screen became an annual family ritual, even in Garland's own household, though it would be 1966 be-

fore she got to see the film all the way through. "Always before," she once explained, "I'd spend most of the show trying to keep my youngest children [Lorna and Joey Luft] from crying!" Lorna, now 36, remembers that the first time she saw *Oz* she and her brother were home in California and their mother was in New York, hospitalized with hepatitis. When the Winged Monkeys swooped down to carry Dorothy away, "We got so upset, Mama decided we should never watch it again unless she was with us. Then we'd know it was only make-believe." Now, adds Luft, her 5-year-old son Jesse has joined the ranks of the film's countless fans.

Luft and her older half-sister, Liza Minnelli, have, of course, followed in their mother's show-business footsteps. In 1973 Liza won an Academy Award as best actress for her role in *Cabaret*. This past spring she completed a European concert tour with Garland's old friends Frank Sinatra and Sammy Davis Jr. Luft has been touring the country with a cabaret act built around music from films. She recently completed three variety specials for European television on which she sang and served as host.



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

NEAL PETERS COLLECTION

MICHAEL BAYTOFF/OUTLINE PRESS

Joey Luft, 5, Lorna Luft, 8, and Liza Minnelli, 13, return with Mama from a European concert tour in 1960. Below: The children today.

Brother Joey has held a series of behind-the-camera jobs while studying makeup and photography. He periodically works as a production associate for film and television producer Jack Haley Jr., son of *Oz*'s Tin Woodman (and Minnelli's husband from 1974 to 1978).

By 1970, *The Wizard of Oz* had been seen by more people than any other film in history. Its theatrical engagements in 1939, 1949 and 1955 brought M-G-M more than five million dollars. Since then, television fees have added well over $20 million to *Oz*'s profits. Millions more have been made in merchandising licenses and in the worldwide sales of videocassettes. Garland would hardly have been surprised. "I think [*Oz*] is a very good film," she once remarked. Then she laughed. "But I wish I had a piece of it. I would like to have just a *small* percentage . . . or even a 16mm print!" ■

JOHN FRICKE *is co-author of* The Wizard of Oz: The Official 50th Anniversary Pictorial History. *He was creative consultant for the 1985 PBS-TV special*, Judy Garland: The Concert Years.

1939: Star-Studded Year

Fifty years ago, moviegoers experienced a year like no other. In addition to Judy Garland's adventures in Oz, 1939 was the year that Clark Gable didn't give a damn in *Gone With the Wind*, that Jimmy Stewart personified common decency and never-say-die in *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* and Greta Garbo laughed and discovered love in *Ninotchka*. It was the year that Robert Donat hung up his cap and gown in *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* and Cary Grant upheld the British Empire in *Gunga Din*. It was the year of *Wuthering Heights*, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* and *Dark Victory*. In all, there was a new film for every day of the year, and moviegoers lined up to buy a record 80 million tickets per week, at 25 cents apiece.

"The studio system was at its height," says Ron Haver, head of the film department at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. "The American movie industry was at its peak, artistically and creatively, and in its ability to hold the audience emotionally. You had producers who knew exactly who their audience was. And you had these great talents (directors and actors) who honed their craft by turning out three or four pictures a year."

And the more they turned out, the more money the studios made. Fifty years ago the major studios not only produced and distributed their movies but controlled about 20 percent of all U.S. theaters as well, thus guaranteeing outlets for their products, though to the virtual exclusion of smaller, independently made films.

John Ford directed three 1939 releases: *Stagecoach*, *Young Mr. Lincoln* and *Drums Along the Mohawk*. And Victor Fleming, after wrapping up *The Wizard of Oz*, took over the direction, from George Cukor, of *Gone With the Wind*.

Hollywood stars were no less active. Errol Flynn tamed the West in *Dodge City*, then teamed up with Bette Davis in *The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex*, after which Davis joined Humphrey Bogart and Ronald Reagan in *Dark Victory*. Jimmy Stewart and Henry Fonda each made five 1939 releases.

Screenwriters Dore Schary and Herman Mankiewicz—joined by the likes of William Faulkner, F. Scott Fitzgerald and Raymond Chandler—created memorable characters, unforgettable stories and dialogue that still makes the heart beat a little faster. (Consider Laurence Olivier as Heathcliff in *Wuthering Heights*, imploring Cathy's soul to haunt him: "I cannot live without my life, I cannot die without my soul." Or Jimmy Stewart's diatribe in *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*: "You think I'm licked. You all think I'm licked. Well, I'm not licked and I'm going to stay right here and fight for this lost cause.")

Sadly, "the year the stars fell on Hollywood" marked the end of an era as well as its zenith. As the clouds of World War II gathered, foreign outlets for U.S.-made films were disappearing. And soon antitrust rulings by the Government would break up some of Hollywood's biggest production companies. —Jerry Buck

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The first psychoanalyst devised startling theories that addressed human misery and the sources of creativity. He changed our minds.

The Legacy of Sigmund Freud

By Peter Gay

Sigmund Freud died in London on Sept. 23, 1939. He was 83 years of age and had come to England some 15 months earlier from Nazi Austria, "to die," he said, "in freedom."

By then, Freud had become a famous man, after having been a merely notorious one. His piercing eyes, Viennese accent and neatly trimmed beard were long familiar around the world. Even those who had never read his works had some inkling of his shocking views. Vast numbers spoke Freud without knowing it, talking easily of sibling rivalry, obsessive neuroses, narcissism, the Oedipus complex and Freudian slips, not to mention the ego, id and superego. His ideas (or what people *thought* were his ideas) had for many years stirred debate in dining rooms as well as in the professional journals. Innumerable cartoons depicted the analyst as a stock—even comic—figure; virtually all of them showed him listening to his patient, notebook in hand, in violation of basic psychoanalytic technique. None of this familiarity, or half-knowledge, rescued Freud from being a hugely controversial figure at his death. Even today, half a century later, his legacy remains in dispute. →



TOPHAM/THE IMAGE WORKS

Freud was close to his mother, Amalia. He believed every intimate relationship hides some hostility, except the "relation of mother to son, which, founded on narcissism, is undisturbed by later rivalry."



Freud fled Nazi Austria in 1938, "to die in freedom." In England, he continued to investigate the laws that govern the mind for more than a year, until succumbing to cancer.

Freud was one of the world's most unsettling, most radical intellectual conquistadors. His message was hardly pleasant. He taught that reason is not master in its own house, that hidden wishes and unacceptable motives govern much of what we feel, think and do. He emphasized the role of sexual conflicts in the making of mental distress.

To be sure, Freud had not been alone in such risky explorations. His essential postulate, that every mind harbors an unconscious dimension, had been suggested by the Romantic poets. His insistence on the power of sexual urges in mental life had been shared by contemporaries like Havelock Ellis and Richard von Krafft-Ebing. Freud himself had to be persuaded by his friend Wilhelm Fliess that erotic life begins in infancy.

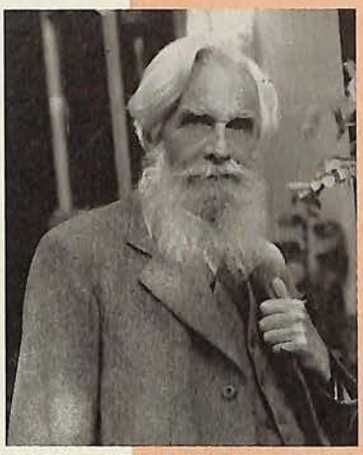
Yet Freud's boast of being a pioneer was well founded. He alone succeeded in converting scattered intuitions into sweeping formulations, to which he added stunning discoveries of his own. He devised a theory of the mind that accounted not only for individual neuroses but also for such intractable puzzles as the sources of religion, the meaning of art, the essence of myth, the interplay of love and hate. In short, Freud's aim—largely realized—was nothing less than to establish a general psychology that would apply to all humankind, neurotic and normal alike.

Freud was the first psychoanalyst, the doctor who started it all. He was also an assiduous student and critic of culture. He wrote papers on the mentality of writers, on the origins of civilization, on the hidden themes of fairy tales, on the claims of religion, on the future of modern culture, even about how to bring up children (he advocated answering their most inconvenient questions with the truth). Beyond this, he concerned himself with the relationship of the individual to his society, arguing persuasively that individual psychology and social psychology are essentially the same thing.

Freud's most general proposition, that the mind is essentially orderly, led him to the conclusion that no mental event is uncaused. If someone misspeaks, or forgets a name, or recalls the wrong date for a lunch party, it is not "just an accident." (Freud told the story of the president of the Austrian parliament who, rising to open a session that he anticipated would be troublesome, declared: "The session is hereby closed.") We fail—or, better, refuse—to recognize the causes of slips and "mistakes" because they are for the most part hidden from us and because our motives for making them are rarely admirable, or even acceptable.

Freud's other essential psychological truth, concerning the nature of human sexuality, was bound to generate even more forceful denials. Largely on the evidence of the hysteric patients he saw through the 1890's and of the self-analysis he undertook late in the decade, Freud argued that neurotic suffering stems almost invariably from early, still unresolved sexual conflicts. But he denied, correctly, that he was a "pan-sexualist," for, contrary to popular belief, he did not think that sexual motives govern all of existence. (In later years, he came to see aggression as an impulse no less strong, if often less focused, than sexuality.) What is more, he defined "sexuality" very broadly, to include not just adult erotic activity but early feelings and behavior, including masturbation, thumb sucking and, for that matter, hatred of a sibling who proved a rival for a mother's love. And he acknowledged that the psychologist must respect other instinctive demands of the body on the mind. Though he stood for more sexual freedom than was common in his middle-class milieu, he did not advocate a life of unbridled libertinism. Yet his prudence was generally ignored, and many of his medical colleagues believed for years that psychoanalysis was a matter less for scientific congresses than for the police.

It was not just Freud's ideas that generated disbelief and opposition, but his unconventional therapeutic technique as well. The characteristic psychoanalytic session that Freud developed in the 1890's was a conversation unlike any other. The patient would lie on a couch and talk. The analyst would sit behind the couch, out of sight, and listen, listen—and listen some more. At the outset of the treatment, which in its classic form involved six (or, at a minimum, five) one-hour sessions a week, the psychoanalyst would give his patient what was called the fundamental rule: Say anything that comes into your head, no matter how irrational, irrelevant, boring, repetitious, meaningless or obscene. Only by this "free association" could the patient be led, gradually and with much backsliding, to confront and perhaps master some of the disturbing conflicts of which he was, by and large,



Havelock Ellis



Richard von Krafft-Ebing



BETTMANN ARCHIVE (3)

Freud (lower left) in Worcester, Mass., in 1909 with professional associates (clockwise, from upper left) A. A. Brill, Ernest Jones, Sandor Frenczi, Carl G. Jung and G. Stanley Hall. Jung broke from Freud in 1913.

The 'Talking Cure' Today

By Eileen Garred

Sigmund Freud was wrong on at least one count: "Everything passes," he once wrote in a letter to a patient, "human thought as well as human beings! Our thoughts may survive us 20, 30 years . . . and they pass as well."

Fifty years after his death Freud's thought is still very much alive, and the costly, time-consuming treatment he pioneered remains an accepted, if controversial, therapy for the milder forms of mental and emotional distress.

"Psychoanalysis is not the cure-all of every mental illness," says Dr. Stephen Sonnenberg, a Washington analyst, "but it does have a lot to offer the right patient. People have come to the realization that there really is no substitute for careful self-inquiry."

In the United States, psychoanalysis flourished during and after World War II, when many of Freud's Austrian and German disciples, fleeing Nazism, brought to America startling new ideas about the treatment of mental problems. By the 1950's and 60's, psychoanalysis was all the rage. Everyone, it seemed, was either in it or talking about it.

Today, however, many analysts themselves agree that Freud's therapy was oversold and oversubscribed in this country. "The notion that psychoanalysis held the answers for all man's psychological and societal ills was just a dream," Dr. Sonnenberg says. "Disillusionment set in as time went on."

Time also saw the flowering of a profusion of psychotherapeutic options. In contrast to the prolonged and open-ended Freudian analysis, most other consultative approaches set specific goals and a deadline for achieving them. Fifteen years ago, researchers at the National Institutes of Mental Health counted 130 forms of psychotherapy; in 1986, Dr. T. Byram Karasu, a professor of psychiatry at Albert Einstein Medical College, reported that the total had swelled to 450. Still, Dr. Karasu points out, most are offshoots of Freudian theory and share the same principles. "They're like Mozart's variations on a theme," he says.

Drugs developed in the 1960's had a revolutionary impact on the treatment of mental disease, particularly schizophrenia, clinical depression and manic depression. The medications, however, can produce troublesome side effects, from a dry mouth to muscle contractions. Other new drugs have been developed for problems including chronic anxiety and phobias, but serious side effects, including addiction, have limited their use.

As recently as 10 years ago, some practitioners in the U.S. considered psychoanalysis an appropriate treatment for psychoses like schizophrenia, now generally acknowledged to be caused by chemical imbalances in the brain. "Schizophrenics spend most of their mental energy just keeping the status quo," says Dr. E. Fuller Torrey, author of *Surviving Schizophrenia*. "Asking them to free-associate is too much. Many got worse."



NICK BAGGULEY/FREUD MUSEUM

On the couch: the site of Freud's early analyses.

Dr. Karasu and others are quick to point out that, even with the great progress of recent years, the application of drugs to mental illness is only in its infancy. "Pharmacological intervention is developing in such a way that within the next decade, there will be non-habit-forming medications available for most symptoms we now know," Dr. Karasu predicts. "What Freud thought psychoanalysis could do, drugs can do much better." But even with the anticipated advances, he adds, "everyone will still be left with the common misery of life."

For that, say its advocates, psychoanalysis remains valuable. "The pendulum has swung back," says Dr. Homer Curtis, president of the American Psychoanalytic Association. Dr. Sonnenberg adds: "People who turned to other forms of treatment—behaviorism, cognitive treatments—found that those therapies, while of some value, did not provide peace of mind. They just didn't give the patient satisfactory self-understanding."

These days, the once avant-garde "talking cure," in which a patient on a couch exhaustively examines personal conflicts rooted in his unconscious, is generally restricted to "people who fall into normal, functioning limits," says Dr. Arlene Heyman, a New York analyst who applies the classic approach to about half of her patients.

Under microscopic introspection during sessions with analysts like Heyman, patients relive the hurts, rivalries, pleasures and resentments of their early years. Only by resolving these childhood conflicts, analysts believe, can a patient effect a change in his character. But the sessions are costly ($100 per session, on average) and time-consuming (three to five times a week for five years or more), and many psychiatrists question their value.

"There's no evidence costly, long-term psychoanalytically oriented therapy does any more than a talk with a concerned friend," says Dr. Torrey. "The patient gets a sympathetic listener, but it's very unclear whether psychoanalysis changes behavior one whit."

Dr. Robert Michels, chairman of psychiatry at Cornell University Medical College, prescribes a future with many therapeutic options, including psychoanalysis. "There's not much difference of opinion today about how to treat those with major psychiatric disorders," he says. "But these are not the same patients who are appropriate candidates for psychoanalysis. The important thing is to get the right treatment for the right patient." To advocate one therapy to the exclusion of all others, he says, "is like asking if you prefer vowels or consonants in your poetry. Obviously you need both of them." ■

unaware. He was unaware of them because they were too potent, too shameful, too dangerous, perhaps too disgusting to be consciously acknowledged.

Once having informed the patient of the conditions for working together, the analyst would fall silent. Only infrequently would he nudge the patient along, with a laconic word or two. Later, after some months had elapsed, the analyst might offer interpretations of the patient's gestures, phrases, actions or, most particularly, dreams, which Freud believed were expressions of repressed emotions and therefore a guide to the unconscious.

Psychoanalysts believe that everything the patient says or does in his relationship with the analyst is grist for the mill: persistent lateness, long silences on the couch, forgetting sessions over and over, excessive worries about paying the bill, consistent and subservient agreement with the analyst's interpretations, or anything at all. At its best, psychoanalysis becomes a total exploration, exploiting whatever slight clues the observant analyst can bring to bear.

In Freud's day, analysts—especially Freud himself—intervened far more freely than his technical recommendations suggested. And analyses were relatively short. One of Freud's most famous patients, the Russian aristocrat whom he called the Wolf Man, was in analysis for four years (1910 to 1914), but this was quite unusual. His analysis of the Viennese lawyer known as the Rat Man, which Freud thought successful, took less than a year. Generations of psychoanalysts following Freud would find such a span rather too short to get to the heart of their patients' neurotic troubles. (Nowadays, analyses may take five years or more.) Hence psychoanalytic treatments became extremely time-consuming, wearing and expensive. And it was not only skeptical psychiatrists who kept asking: Do the treatments really help?

After Freud's death, questions about both his psychological theories and his therapeutic techniques continued to be raised. In the 1960's, with the emergent feminist movement, his ideas came under attack from yet another front. During the 1920's he had written some controversial papers on female sexuality in which he presented the woman virtually as a failed man, especially weak in the matter of conscience. No matter that the psychoanalytic profession—following Freud's encouragement—paid respectful attention and granted great authority to women analysts; to many, Freud came to represent nothing better than male chauvinism in technical garb.

By the same decade, however, even his detractors agreed that Freud had transformed Western culture. Numerous disciplines, including literature, the fine arts, cultural anthropology, political science and sociology, had each incorporated significant aspects of psychoanalytic thought, though never without energetic doubts and widespread dissent. Yet the psychological profession remained generally unpersuaded, nor did the objections to Freud as the prince of charlatans ever die down. Feminists found allies, and the influence of psychoanalysis became dimmer than it had been for half a century.

Yet reports of its death are exaggerated. While the current trend in psychiatry appears to be medication, and while young psychiatrists explore that frontier with commendable excitement, interest in psychoanalysis is also reviving. Many young psychiatrists feel that the future will see a careful mixture of medication and some form of psychotherapy, including psychoanalysis. Even those who dismiss the therapeutic value of orthodox psychoanalysis acknowledge its uses as a research tool. It is no longer fashionable to reject Freud's theory of the mind as baseless.

Though Freud remained convinced to his death of the validity of his theories about the unconscious, sexuality, and mental growth through conflict, it is worth recalling that he himself was not wedded to psychoanalytic therapy. Not long after he reached England's hospitable shores in 1938, he began to draft his *Outline of Psychoanalysis*, which contains an admission that psychoanalysis often fails. It also contains a remarkable prophecy: "The future may teach us to exercise a direct influence, by means of particular chemical substances, on the amounts of energy and their distribution in the mental apparatus. It may be that there are other still undreamt-of possibilities of therapy. But for the moment we have nothing better at our disposal than the technique of psychoanalysis, and for that reason, in spite of its limitations, it should not be despised."

It is hard to know what to admire most in this passage, Freud's candor about a therapeutic technique he had been the first to develop, or his flexibility, at an age when rigidity would have been understandable. Today's white-coated pioneers, who experiment with new drugs and assess their results with sophisticated instruments, are working more than many of them are aware in Freud's spirit. So are we all. ■



KEYSTONE/THE IMAGE WORKS

As a child, Freud's daughter Anna read the books in her father's library; later, she became an eminent psychoanalyst and keeper of her father's flame. She died in 1982.

PETER GAY, *the author of* Freud: A Life for Our Time, *is Sterling Professor of History at Yale University.*

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August and September

1949

40 YEARS AGO



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS (2)

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE

Aug. 9 James Stewart, 41, marries Gloria McLean, 31, in Hollywood. The couple met at a dinner party given by the Gary Coopers. McLean, a divorcée, has two young sons.



Update "She has given me a wonderful life," Stewart said after 40 years of marriage to the mother of his twin daughters, whom he still calls "the gurrrl." Stewart, now 81, credits their long, happy marriage to "mutual respect and admiration. We have a family, we've traveled, we've had loads of friends that she brought together. In my second 40 years, she's the one who did the trick."

THE RACE IS ON

Sept. 23 President Harry S. Truman shocks Congress and the nation with his announcement that an atomic "explosion" has taken place in the Soviet Union. "Ever since atomic energy was first released by man," Truman said, "the eventual development of this new force by other nations was to be expected. This probability has always been taken into account by us." Alabama Senator John J. Sparkman sees a "mad armament race" leading to "inevitable war." Other senators urge the President to meet with Stalin to iron out differences. Moscow has neither confirmed nor denied Truman's disclosure but says "there are not the slightest grounds for alarm."

HUDDLED MASSES BREATHE FREE

Aug. 26 A Federal court restores U.S. citizenship to three Japanese-American women who renounced it under duress as inmates in a World War II camp for Japanese-Americans. The decision affects 4,394 Nisei in similar circumstances. The U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals in San Francisco says that Japanese inmates received "unnecessarily cruel and inhuman treatment."

MOB VIOLENCE

Sept. 4 Singer Paul Robeson's open-air concert in Peekskill, N.Y., erupts into an angry riot when anti-Communists throw rocks and bottles at fans leaving the performance. At least 145 people—including 10 state troopers and policemen—are injured in the melee. Robeson, an outspoken admirer of the Soviet Union and an opponent of racial segregation, denounced the attack as "fascist." He charged that police had participated in the violence and stood by while rocks were hurled and cars overturned.

Update After an investigation, the district attorney blamed irresponsible teen-agers for the riot. Robeson, an actor, lawyer and social crusader as well as a singer, denied under oath that he was a member of the Communist Party. Nevertheless, his passport was revoked and his career was sidetracked after he became a target of the House Committee on Un-American Activities.



N.Y. DAILY NEWS PHOTO

Around the World

Aug. 8 Nearly 5,000 people are killed in Ecuador earthquake . . . **Aug. 27** Russia mobilizes three armored divisions near the Yugoslav border . . . **Sept. 15** Konrad Adenauer, 73, becomes Chancellor of Germany . . . **Sept. 30** The Berlin airlift is halted after 277,264 flights.

At Your Leisure

Books Best seller: *Cheaper by the Dozen*, by Frank Gilbreth Jr. and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey, two of the 12 offspring of a chaotic family headed by an efficiency expert. "The successful man knows something about everything," says dear old dad, who subjected his brood to endless time-saving experiments.

Records Perry Como's "Some Enchanted Evening," number one in August, is knocked off the



LESTER GLASSNER COLLECTION/NEAL PETERS

top spot in September by Vic Damone's "You're Breaking My Heart."

Movies *In the Good Old Summertime*, with Judy Garland and Van Johnson; *Madame Bovary*, starring Jennifer Jones; Cary Grant in *I Was a Male War Bride*; James Cagney in *White Heat*.

Miscellany

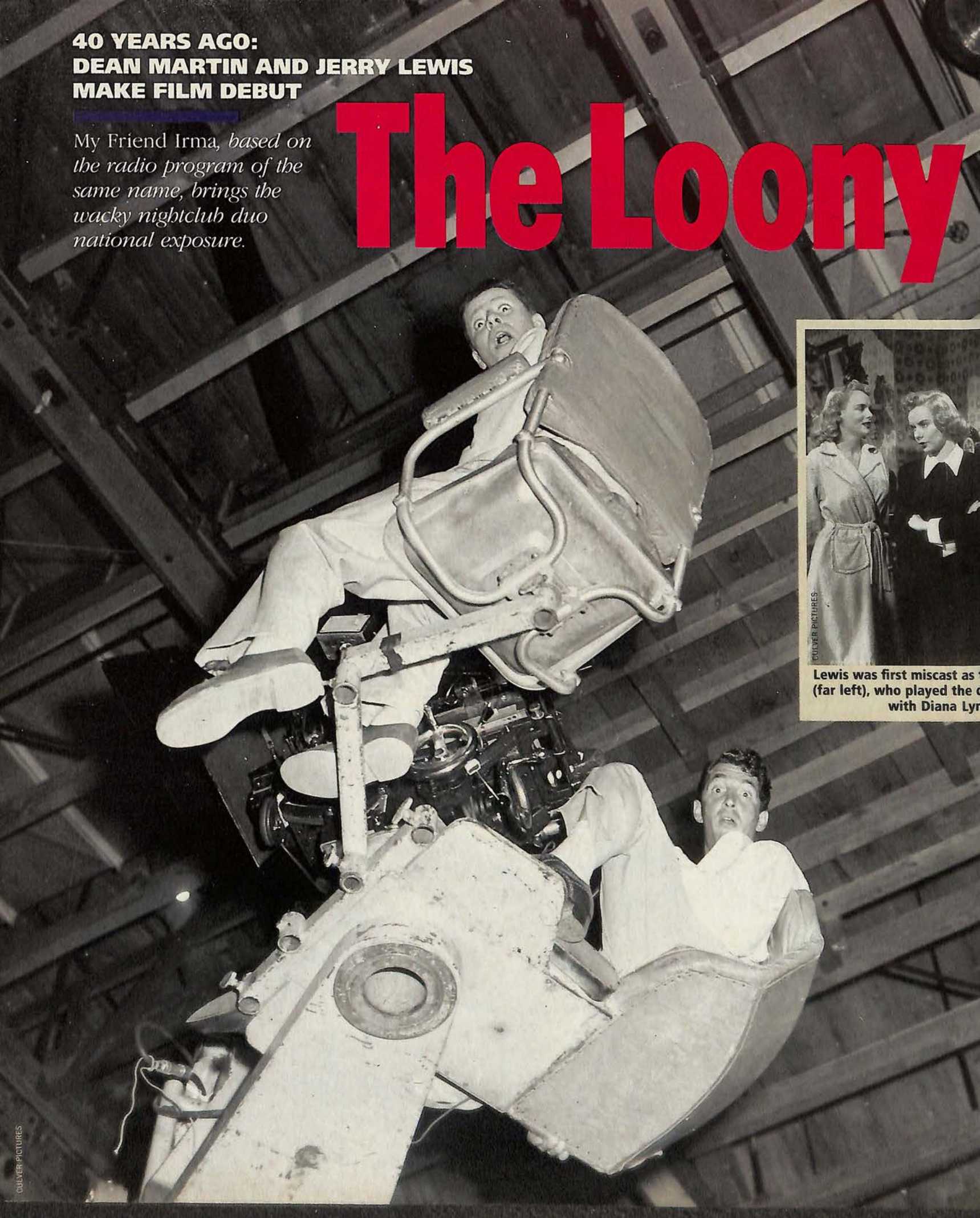
Aug. 8 Well-named Frank Everest sets a new altitude record, 63,000 feet, in the experimental Bell X-1 airplane . . . **Aug. 26** Margaret Mitchell, 49, author of *Gone With the Wind*, dies after being hit by a speeding automobile in Atlanta . . . **Aug 28** U.S. tennis team wins Davis Cup . . . **Sept. 30** Union leader John L. Lewis orders striking mine workers back to work.


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40 YEARS AGO:
DEAN MARTIN AND JERRY LEWIS MAKE FILM DEBUT

The Loony

My Friend Irma, *based on the radio program of the same name, brings the wacky nightclub duo national exposure.*



CULVER PICTURES

Lewis was first miscast as
(far left), who played the
with Diana Ly

CULVER PICTURES

and the Tune

By Mike Clark



e love interest of Marie Wilson
zy Irma. Martin was paired off
Irma's roommate.



The team's comedy was slapstick and spontaneous. To liven a lagging routine, Lewis might swing from a chandelier or jump, squealing, into a surprised bandleader's arms.

PHIL STERN PHOTO, ©1989

Audiences had never seen anything like them. Dean Martin, born Dino Crocetti in Steubenville, Ohio, was, at 32, a laid-back, Neapolitan-American crooner, attracted to golf and girls. Jerry Lewis (born Joseph Levitch), 23, was a Jewish workaholic from Newark, N.J., with a Silly-Putty face and a voice that sounded like ice skates on glass. Although their reputation had been building through television appearances, it was the release of their first movie, *My Friend Irma*, on Sept. 28, 1949, that gained them the national recognition that had long eluded them.

Each had suffered some lean times pursuing a solo career—Lewis as a stand-up comic, Martin as a Bing Crosby-style warbler. But once the unlikely duo got together in 1946 to unleash their special kind of anarchy at Atlantic City's 500 Club, they gained momentum quickly.

No one was safe from their antics, not even the paying customers, who often took the brunt of the madcap routines. Lewis loved nothing better than pouring drinks over patrons' heads or squirting seltzer in their faces. Sometimes he would toss a chop from a guest's dinner plate to an unsuspecting Martin, busy oozing the lyrics of a love song to a beautiful patron at a ringside table. If things started to flag, Lewis might jump into the bandleader's arms, thereby turning the orchestra into a cacophonous jumble. Or he'd suddenly switch off the house lights, sending waiters, customers and broken dishes careening around the room.

Night after night, the Atlantic City crowds got bigger and more enthusiastic, boosting the pair's confidence. When an offer came to strut their stuff in a Hollywood club—a favorite haunt of movie moguls—they accepted unhesitatingly.

The opening-night audience at Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom's, on Wilshire Boulevard, included Darryl F. Zanuck of 20th Century-Fox; Jack Warner of Warner Brothers; Y. Frank Freeman, head of Paramount, and producer Hal Wallis. Within a week Wallis signed the duo to a seven-picture contract that would pay each man $50,000 per film. He thought they'd be just right for the male leads in *My Friend Irma*, which had just been adapted from a long-running CBS radio comedy of the same name.

The flimsy script traced the adventures of two young New York City roommates—dumb-bunny Irma and level-headed Jane. The film would star Marie Wilson, who played Irma on the radio, and Diana Lynn. Martin would play Jane's suitor, Steve, the clean-cut, hard-working proprietor of an Orange Glorious beverage stand. Lewis was to be Irma's love interest, a wiseacre and con man named Al. In rehearsals, Martin wore his part like a tailored suit, but Lewis, even after many hours of coaching, seemed to be hopelessly miscast.

Not surprisingly. On stage, Lewis wasn't above swinging from a chandelier if he thought it would get a laugh. But following a script *and* playing a love interest were out of character for him. The film's writers had no choice but to create a new role for Lewis—Seymour, Martin's juice-stand assistant, a misfit and schnook who offended customers and threw the business into chaos.

Though Lewis at first balked at the

change, the role was a natural for his physical style of comedy. In one scene, he has to squeeze a thousand oranges by hand; for the rest of the film his gnarled hand looks like a spare part sewn on by a maniacal surgeon.

Critics, lukewarm about the film itself, applauded the newcomers. "The most notable value of *Irma*," said a *Variety* reviewer, "is the introduction of two nitery comics who prove they have film possibilities . . . ." Audiences agreed and made the duo's first movie a box-office hit that grossed 10 times its $500,000 budget.

A sequel, *Irma Goes West*, was rushed into production with a script that, while even flimsier than the first, allowed Lewis greater freedom to indulge his stunts and provided his partner more opportunities to sing. *Irma II* is packed with typical Martin and Lewis nightclub shtick. In the middle of a Martin song, for example, Lewis rubs his hand through his partner's usually oily locks and says, "You can use a quart." But Lewis was not the only one to score; Martin's recording of a song from the film, "I'll Always Love You," went to the top of the music charts.

By the time the pair appeared in their third film, *At War With the Army* (1950), movie exhibitors had voted them number one in their annual "Stars of Tomorrow" poll. Polly Bergen, who appeared with them in that film (and two others), remembers that Lewis was clearly the partner-in-charge on the set. "Dean was the easygoing, very sweet, very kind, gentle guy who just kind of showed up," she remembers. "When everything was ready, he'd just walk on and do it." While she adored Martin, who looked after her, she could not abide his partner. "Jerry was cruel, his humor was cruel," she says. "Not just with me, with everybody." Bergen was 18 years old at the time and, by her own admission, "young, unworldly and very frightened." Lewis, she says, "made fun of me and humiliated me and embarrassed me in front of the entire crew."



JAGARTS COLLECTION

A young Polly Bergen was cast in three films opposite Martin, including this one. While she adored the singer, she remembers "violently disliking" Lewis, whom she calls "a really mean man."

When a magazine photographer came to take pictures of the cast, Bergen joined the other actors assembling for a group shot. "Jerry turned and said, 'I don't want Polly in the picture. We don't need her in the picture. Get the no-talent-broad out of the picture.' I kind of laughed, walked away and cried for four days." Yet Bergen admits, "Jerry is an enormously talented man."

It was the talent that audiences saw and applauded; by 1952 Martin and Lewis had become number one at the box office, if not in the hearts of some critics, who felt the team's improvisational comedy lost something en route to the big screen. As critic Andrew Sarris once put it, in *The American Cinema*, "Martin and Lewis, at their best—and this means not in any of their movies—had a marvelous tension between them. The great thing about them was their incomparable incompatibility, their persistent sexual hostility, the professional knowingness they shared about the cutthroat world they were in the process of conquering."

Whatever it was, it came across on television, the new medium that seemed invented for them. In 1948, they turned their six minutes of air time (for which they were paid $250) on Ed Sullivan's very first *The Toast of the Town* into a showcase for their talents. At breakneck speed they sang, danced, told jokes


PHOTOFEST


PICTORIAL PARADE


KEN GALENTE/SILVER SCREEN

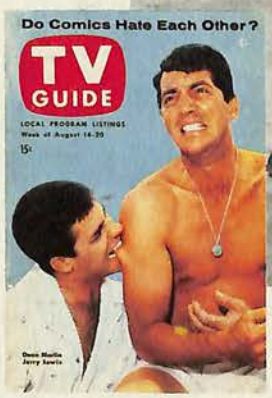

FPG INTERNATIONAL



and did impersonations.

They followed Sullivan with an appearance on Milton Berle's *Texaco Star Theater*. In rehearsal Uncle Miltie, then television's reigning potentate, laid down the rules: no ad-libbing, unrehearsed mugging or horseplay. On the air, Lewis threw the rules away. After stripping Berle to his underwear and stepping on the few lines he was able to utter, the manic duo tap-danced their host right off the stage. The segment ended only after Lewis screamed into the camera, "Milton Berle! Big deal!" leaving Berle steaming.

In 1950, Martin and Lewis began to host, in rotation with such comedians as Eddie Cantor and Bob Hope, *The Colgate Comedy Hour*. In the beginning, Lewis was at his frenzied best. He'd race out of camera range or run behind the camera to turn it upside down, inverting Martin's image. In one segment, while his partner sang "It's Magic," Lewis pointed to Martin's nose and made a scissors motion with his fingers—an allusion to the singer's nose job. Martin retaliated by deriding Lewis's intelligence and making fun of his loony appearance. When all else failed, he'd insert his fingers in Lewis's mouth and pull him off stage by his prominent front teeth.

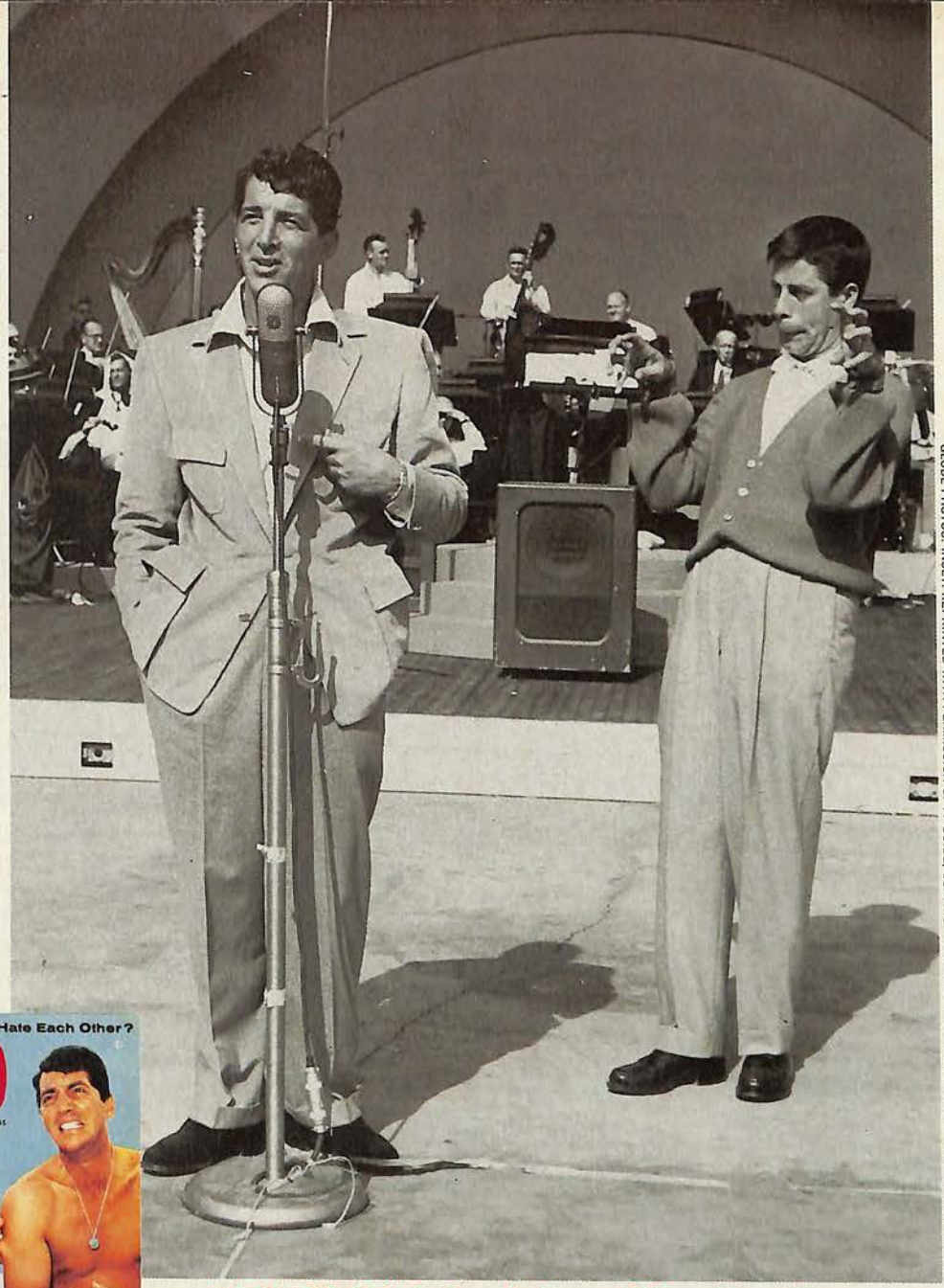


The show ran for five seasons. But by 1955, even the stars seemed weary of the by-then-predictable pranks—and each other. Rumors of a Martin and Lewis breakup, already circulating for a year, escalated. Despite two hit records, "That's Amore" (1953) and "Memories Are Made of This" (1955), Martin was chafing at playing a perennial second banana. For his part, Lewis, who had directorial aspirations, wanted ever more control of the act. Each fueled the machinery of the breakup. A 1954 *TV Guide* cover caught the feeling: In the photograph, a crazed Lewis is biting a bare-chested Martin on the bicep. Martin's expression registers real pain.

Lewis alone hosted the March 1956 telecast of the Academy Awards ceremony. Four months later, on the 10th anniversary of their first performance together, at New York's Copacabana nightclub, the two made what they let be known would be their final appearance as an act. They were never funnier. For more than an hour, they pulled from their bag of tricks every piece of business they had performed over the years. Lewis squirted seltzer liberally over the star-studded audience. Then the two sang "Pardners," from their 1956 movie of the same name. By the time they had finished, there wasn't a dry eye in the room. Comedian Jackie Gleason jumped on the stage and pleaded for a reconciliation. But after an awkward embrace, Martin and Lewis parted. "I thought I'd never be able to get up before an audience again," Lewis later told *Look*. "I thought it would be impossible for me to work without Dean."

In his 1982 autobiography, Lewis would write about the breakup: "Maybe the core of our difficulties was the unsolvable problem every straight man has to face. Dean had spent years listening to the incessant prattle of Jerry this and Jerry that . . . I don't care who you are, it's going to wear you down. In Dean's case especially, because in his heart he knew *he* was the reason we were successful."

Just about everyone thought it was Lewis who would soar. And for a time he did. His *The Delicate Delinquent* (1957), with Darren McGavin in the role originally written for Martin, packed audiences in, while *Ten Thousand Bedrooms* (1957), in which Martin made his solo movie debut, was a world-class bomb. Then came *The Young Lions* (1958), in which Martin accepted third billing and all but stole the picture from Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift. Much as his pal Frank Sinatra's role in *From Here to Eternity* revived that singer's faltering career,



GLOBE PHOTOS. INSET: REPRINTED WITH PERMISSION OF *TV GUIDE*. COPYRIGHT ©1954 BY TRIANGLE PUBLICATIONS INC., RADNOR, PA.

Hosting *The Colgate Comedy Hour* on TV brought out the manic best in Lewis; female viewers tuned in for Martin's charm. A year after the show ended, the team split up.



CBS PHOTOGRAPHY



NEAL PETERS COLLECTION

Today, both former partners perform in Las Vegas. Lewis occasionally tackles a dramatic role, such as a garment mogul in *Wiseguy* last year.

The Young Lions made moviegoers think of Martin with new respect.

For nearly a decade the pair's separate careers ran neck-and-neck. Martin worked with some of Hollywood's classiest directors, including Vincente Minnelli (*Some Came Running*, 1958, and *Bells Are Ringing*, 1960), Howard Hawks (*Rio Bravo*, 1959) and Billy Wilder (*Kiss Me Stupid*, 1964), though he never completely capitalized on the promise he displayed in *The Young Lions*. Martin's most recent film was *Cannonball Run II* (1984), with Burt Reynolds.

In 1960, with *Bellboy*, Lewis realized his ambition to direct. But the dozen films he directed over the next quarter-century, including *The Patsy*, *The Nutty Professor*, *The Big Mouth* and *Which Way to the Front?*, all featured Lewis in the leading role, which both American critics and audiences found increasingly tiresome (though the French have continued to regard him as a comic genius on a par with Charlie Chaplin).

Martin's 1964 recording of "Everybody Loves Somebody" knocked the Beatles out of the top spot on the pop music charts, paving his way to a network television variety show that ran for eight seasons. On top of TV and records, Martin divided his time between a nightclub career and his family—second wife Jeanne (a former Orange Bowl queen), their three children, and his four children from his first marriage.

In 1963, Lewis signed with ABC to host *The Jerry Lewis Show*, a two-hour, prime-time talk show to be broadcast live from Las Vegas. After a huge promotional buildup, the show was pilloried by the critics; viewers averted their eyes. After three painful months, the program was canceled. Lewis spent the next four years in relative obscurity, punctuated only by an occasional television guest spot. In 1967, NBC offered him a variety series, again called *The Jerry Lewis Show*. Reprising many of his best-known film characters, it ran for two seasons.

To a generation of younger viewers, Lewis came to be best known as the host of the annual Labor Day Muscular Dystrophy Telethon, which has raised more than $450 million for the Muscular Dystrophy Association in the past 23 years. Lewis has been the association's volunteer national chairman since 1949.

A lifelong heavy smoker and junk-food devotee, Lewis suffered a heart attack in 1982. "It's amazing how humbling that is," he later said. "Since that happened, my love of life has been reinstated." It was following his recovery that he completed his autobiography, in which he discusses conquering a 14-year addiction to a pain-killing drug, his divorce from his wife of 35 years, with whom he had six sons, and his marriage to SanDee (Sam) Pitnick, a former Las Vegas dancer. (Earlier this year, the youngest of Lewis's sons went public with allegations that the comedian beat and terrorized his children. Joe Lewis, today 29, called his father "an empty, shallow, vicious man.")

In 1983, Lewis starred with Robert DeNiro in Martin Scorsese's *The King of Comedy*, in which he portrayed—to excellent reviews—a TV host kidnapped by a disturbed couple. He also got good notices last year for his guest role on the TV series *Wiseguy*, playing a tough garment-industry boss. From time to time, Lewis performs in Las Vegas nightclubs, sometimes with Sammy Davis Jr. He is currently at work on a script for *The Nutty Professor II*, which he plans to direct as well as star in.

In 1987 one of Martin's sons, Dean Paul, 35, a former tennis pro, actor and Air National Guard captain, was killed when the jet he was flying crashed into California's Mount San Gorgonio. In recent years Martin himself has been hospitalized for a variety of problems, from a pinched nerve to a kidney ailment that, he said, forced him to leave a 1988 road tour with "Rat Pack" buddies Sinatra and Davis Jr. Rumors of a falling-out between Martin and Sinatra multiplied after Sinatra called Martin "a man who doesn't like to work," following Martin's withdrawal. Martin still accepts the occasional Las Vegas invitation to sing and to display the devil-may-care banter that early on became his trademark.

Since their breakup in 1956, Martin and Lewis have appeared together three times, all of them surprises. In 1958 Martin interrupted a Lewis routine on the telecast of *The Eddie Fisher Show*, pleading, "Just don't sing." In 1976, at the urging of Sinatra, Martin stunned his former sidekick by appearing on the Muscular Dystrophy Telethon.

In June, Lewis turned the tables on his aging partner by wheeling a giant birthday cake onto the Las Vegas stage where Martin was performing. "Here's to 72 years of joy you've given the world," Lewis said. "And why we broke up," he continued, "I'll never know." They embraced to a standing ovation. ■

MIKE CLARK, *senior film critic for* USA Today, *is the former director of the American Film Institute Theater in Washington.*



Martin was overwhelmed by a 72nd birthday visit by Lewis in June. "You surprised me," he said, coming close to tears, and added, "I love you and I really mean that."

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AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER

1959

30 YEARS AGO



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

SO LONG, MICKEY

Sept. 24 Mousketeers all over America lowered their ears to half mast today to commemorate ABC's final telecast of *The Mickey Mouse Club.* The show ran for four years, first in one-hour and then in half-hour segments, and made stars of a gaggle of kids with names like Annette (Funicello), Darlene, Cubby, Karen, Doreen, Sharon and Bobby. Jimmie Dodd was the show's grown-up host.



NEAL PETERS COLLECTION

GETTING TO KNOW YOU

Aug. 15 The Tom Powner family emerges from 14 days in a fallout shelter at Princeton University. Mr. Powner, a high-school drafting teacher, volunteered himself, his wife Madeline, and their three children, Hilary, 2, Tory, 3½, and Scott, 5, for two weeks of togetherness—without electricity, and with little to amuse them except each other and a copy of *Lady Chatterly's Lover.*

Update Powner, 61, today calls the experiment, sponsored by the Civil Defense Authority and monitored by Princeton's psychology department, "a pretty good time; we got to know each other." He says he was only slightly rankled when told afterwards of a microphone hidden in the shelter. The Powners stepped from the literal obscurity of their candlelit shelter into a limelight that included appearances on *The Today Show* and *What's My Line* and coverage in most of the country's magazines and newspapers.



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

AIR AND SPACE

Sept. 13 The Soviet Union's Lunik II spacecraft crashed into the lunar surface early this morning, the first man-made object to reach the moon . . . **Sept. 17** The U.S. rocket-plane, the X-15, made its first flight today under its own power, climbing 10 miles above the Mojave desert and reaching a speed of 1,400 m.p.h.

UPSTAIRS, DOWNSTAIRS

Aug. 22 Steven Clark Rockefeller, 23-year-old son of New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller, marries Anne Marie Rasmussen, 19, a former maid in the Rockefeller home.

Update The couple had three children, but the union ended in 1970, in part, said Norwegian-born Rasmussen, because her husband felt "too guilty" to enjoy his money, an emotion she did not share. After the break-up, Rasmussen published her autobiography, *There Was Once a Time*, and became an artist. A second marriage also ended in divorce. Rockefeller, remarried in 1977, teaches at Middlebury College in Vermont.

Around the World

Aug. 1 Vice President Nixon, in Moscow, calls on Khrushchev to reduce tension . . . **Aug. 7** Buckingham Palace announces Queen Elizabeth is expecting her third child, due in early 1960. It is the first child born to a reigning monarch since 1857, when Queen Victoria gave birth to Princess Beatrice . . . **Aug. 26** North Vietnamese massing to attack Laos . . . Les Halles, Paris market, faces bulldozers . . . Eisenhower hailed in West Germany and France . . . **Sept. 26-27** Typhoon Vera, worst in Japan's history, strikes central Honshu with 160-m.p.h. winds, causing floods and landslides. At least 3,174 reported dead by Sept. 30; many are missing.



Aug. 21 Hawaii becomes 50th state . . . **Sept. 15** Nikita Khrushchev, on state visit, is welcomed in U.S. . . . **Sept. 19** Rod Steiger, 34, marries British actress Claire Bloom, 28, in Hollywood. It's his second marriage, her first . . . **Sept. 20** Watchmaker Peter Gluckmann, 33, lands in San Francisco to set a world record for a solo round-the-globe flight in a single-engine plane. He covered 22,800 miles in 29 days.

At the Movies

South Pacific, starring Rossano Brazzi and Mitzi Gaynor; *North by Northwest*, with Cary Grant and Eva Marie Saint; Mario Lanza in *For the First Time.*

30 YEARS AGO: JIMMY HOFFA GOES ON THE OFFENSIVE

For many months the McClellan committee had probed Teamster graft and corruption. Now Hoffa wanted his side of the story told.

Union Made

By Roy Rowan

AS A CORRESPONDENT FOR *LIFE* MAGazine, I spent several weeks 30 years ago barnstorming around the country with James Riddle Hoffa, then 46 and president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. My assignment was to write a three-part series on the immense power wielded by the Teamsters and, most particularly, by its president. At the time, Hoffa was the focus of a three-year Senate committee investigation into union corruption. Known as the McClellan committee for its chairman, Senator John L. McClellan, it was exposing a corrupt Teamster hierarchy that misused union funds and was studded with grafters, gangsters and extortionists. In its final report, the committee would state that "if Hoffa is unchecked he will successfully destroy the decent labor movement in the United States."

During those memorable weeks in 1959, *Life* photographer Hank Walker and I virtually lived with Jimmy. We accompanied him to every meeting and listened to every conversation and deal-in-the-making. We ate breakfast, lunch and dinner with him. We flew from coast to coast, setting down in New York City, Harrisburg, Pa., Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Las Vegas, Los Angeles and numerous smaller cities and towns in between. In most of them, the hands-on leader went head-to-head with regional chiefs, organizers, business agents and shop stewards, keeping himself abreast of what was going on in his union. Hoffa had granted us this remarkable access in the hope that our series might balance the terrible image he had acquired through the McClellan hearings.

In Washington I had free access to his three-room Woodner Hotel suite. I could also walk through any door, including Jimmy's, inside the gleaming white Italian marble Teamster headquarters in Washington. His private office commanded a clear view of the Capitol, where the hearings were underway and where he had been grilled relentlessly. On the surface, at least, Hoffa seemed unconcerned. "Twenty years ago," he said, "the employers had all the





Hoping to improve his public image, Hoffa let author Rowan join him on his cross-country travels for three weeks in 1959. The Teamster president even cooked breakfast for the journalist.



In happier times: Hoffa and New Jersey Teamster leader Anthony (Tony Pro) Provenzano were all smiles at a 1958 Teamster convention. But the two had a falling-out in prison, and today the F.B.I. believes that Provenzano, who died last year, ordered Hoffa's murder.

hoodlums working for them. Now we've got a few and everybody's screaming.''

He was hard as a trucker's tire iron. Yet, my overall recollection of Hoffa is not of a greedy racketeer but of a brash leader who lusted only for power. He began each day with a quick 75 push-ups. He didn't smoke, drink or carouse and cared nothing for the usual luxuries. Typically, Jimmy spent what turned out to be his last days at his Orion Lake (Mich.) summer place, mowing the lawn, chopping wood and fixing the swings and slides for his three grandchildren.

Although he was devoted to his family and flew home to Detroit almost every weekend, nothing diverted his attention from Teamster business. He was proud of his union's clout, regardless of its reputation. ''Without the word Teamster after your name, you're just another gear-buster,'' he told the 1.6 million members. The union's expulsion from the A.F.L.-C.I.O. for refusing to answer to charges of corruption in 1957 seemed only to have solidified his strength, and constant surveillance by McClellan committee investigators had done nothing to erode his feeling of invincibility.

He had faced, and walked away from, two major criminal indictments. Two years before my travels with him, the F.B.I. caught Hoffa passing twenty $100 bills to a lawyer he had hired to steal secret testimony from the McClellan committee. Brought to trial on charges of wiretapping and illegal possession of documents belonging to the McClellan committee, Hoffa appeared a cinch to be convicted. He probably would have been, except for a ploy by his counsel, Edward Bennett Williams, who managed to persuade former heavyweight boxing champion Joe Louis to saunter into the courtroom, in full view of the mostly black jury, and warmly shake Hoffa's hand. It had the desired effect; the trial ended with a hung jury.

Another case, charging Hoffa with using the mails to defraud union members, had also been dropped, because of irregularities in the selection of the grand jury. ''I'm boss of an outfit that wins,'' he often boasted.

Traveling with Jimmy meant a merry-go-round of airplane rides, speeches, banquets and hotel-room meetings, punctuated by so many long-distance telephone calls that some exasperated petitioners took to phoning my room to try to get messages to him. Hoffa called any conversation, no matter how brief or casual, a ''meeting.'' On many days those meetings ran from breakfast to bedtime, a span of 18 hours. One evening in Los Angeles, with meetings backed up like jumbo jets on a crowded runway, clumps of Teamsters cooled their heels around every palm tree in our motel's patio. ''I don't like to keep nothing dangling,'' said Hoffa, ex-

Taken for a Ride

On the way to the St. Louis airport during the weeks I spent with Jimmy Hoffa, we passed a funeral procession of about a dozen cars. ''Poor sonofabitch,'' exclaimed the Teamster boss, ''the guy didn't have many friends. I tell you, when I die I'll have the biggest funeral in the world. Everybody'll come just to make sure I'm dead.''

Hoffa was wrong about the funeral; he never even had one. But he was right about not lacking friends who wanted him dead. On July 30, 1975, he climbed into his green Pontiac at his summer home in Lake Orion, Mich., and headed for the Machus Red Fox Restaurant, 19 miles away on the outskirts of Detroit. He told his wife, Josephine, that he was going to meet ''a couple of the guys.'' He never returned. Since then there has been endless speculation about what happened to him. Steven Brill, in his authoritative 1978 book, *The Teamsters*, quoted an F.B.I. memo alleging that union cronies probably kidnapped and killed Hoffa, then handed his body over to a mob-owned sanitation service that disposed of it ''by means of a shredder, compactor and/or incinerator.''

High on the F.B.I. suspect list was Anthony ''Tony Pro'' Provenzano, former Teamster boss of northern New Jersey. In 1959 when I accompanied Jimmy to Tony Pro's headquarters in Union City, N.J., they were still good buddies. In fact, Jimmy helped Tony Pro win the presidency of Joint Council 73 that year. But in the Lewisburg penitentiary, where they later were inmates together, bad blood developed. In his autobiography, Hoffa said the dispute arose over Provenzano's claim to a generous Teamsters pension. Federal investigators, however, believe it actually began when Hoffa, looking ahead to his release, told Provenzano he wanted him out of the union.

In his book *Desperate Bargain: Why Jimmy Hoffa Had to Die*, Lester Velie described a violent prison-yard quarrel between the two men. ''I'll tear your heart out,'' Provenzano reportedly yelled at Hoffa. When they ran into each other at an airport after their release, ''Hoffa and Provenzano went at it with their fists,'' Velie reported, ''and Hoffa broke a bottle over Provenzano's head.'' The F.B.I. believes that Hoffa was lured to the Machus Red Fox Restaurant by his kidnappers on the pretext of making peace with Provenzano.

When questioned by authorities, Provenzano said he had been playing cards with fellow Teamsters (and fellow suspects) Thomas Andretta, Salvatore Bri-





AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS (2)



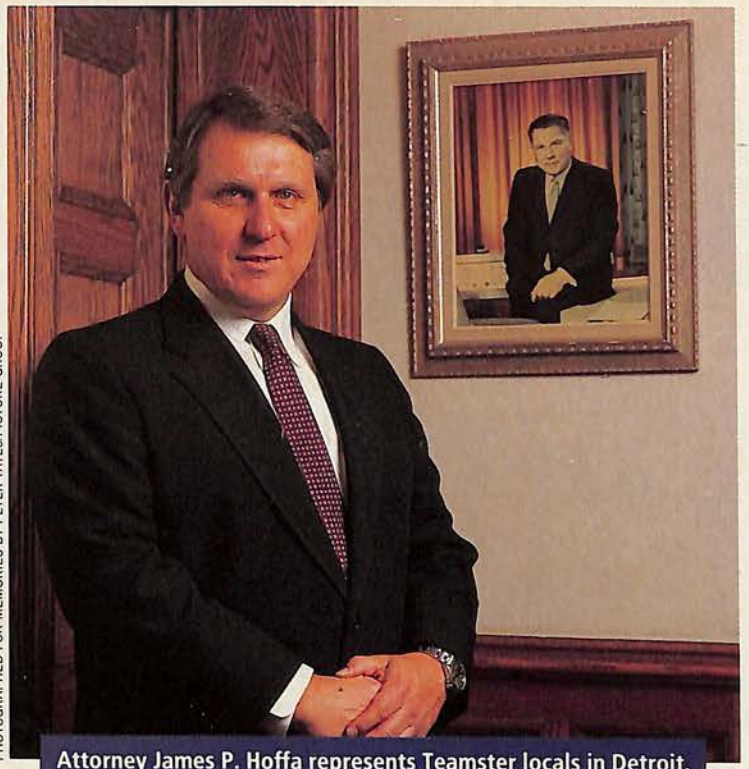
Suspect O'Brien (top left) was driving near the Machus Red Fox, on the outskirts of Detroit, when Hoffa vanished. Provenzano was playing cards.

plaining his management style. "I like to clean everything up every day."

In Las Vegas I watched him idly pump a dollar's worth of nickels into a slot machine while he made up his mind to invest $1 million of Teamster pension-fund money in a local hospital. He claimed weighty decisions caused him little concern. "Don't worry about nothing," he advised. "Ninety percent of what you worry about never happens and the other 10 percent you can always straighten out."

As he sallied forth to negotiate a new contract with recalcitrant trucking-company executives, his walk would become a jog. He'd skip up stairs. Even his gestures would be reduced to quick jabs. For such meetings he established what he regarded as the cardinal Teamster rule: "We don't arbitrate grievances. We strike the bastards." And once a strike started, Hoffa strangled his victims by degrees. "First," he said, "we close them down in the surrounding states. Then if they still won't settle, we close them down across the whole goddamn country."

Hoffa defended his tough tactics to his rank and file by reminding them that most trucking-company managers had come off the trucks and loading docks themselves and knew how to fight too. If he sensed resistance, he knew just what to say: "You'll have



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR MEMORIES BY PETER YATES/PICTURE GROUP

Attorney James P. Hoffa represents Teamster locals in Detroit. He thinks organized-crime figures killed his father and wants the F.B.I. to disclose more of what it knows.

guglio and Gabriel Briguglio at the Teamster headquarters in Union City when Hoffa disappeared. Provenzano died last December of congestive heart failure in a California prison, where he was serving 20 years for racketeering. Salvatore Briguglio was killed gangland-style in Manhattan's Little Italy in 1978; his brother, Gabriel, and Andretta are believed to be still alive, though their whereabouts is unknown.

Two other key suspects—Chuckie O'Brien and Anthony "Tony Jack" Giacalone—also gave alibis. Giacalone, a Mafia enforcer from Detroit, was one of the "guys" Hoffa told his wife he was going to meet at the Machus Red Fox, and a note found at Hoffa's home read "T.J. 2 P.M." The F.B.I. verified that Giacalone had been at an athletic club getting a message at the time of the abduction. O'Brien, a Hoffa protégé and bodyguard with whom Hoffa had a falling out, told a Michigan State Police officer that the fact he was driving a car belonging to Giacalone's son near the Machus Red Fox at the time of Hoffa's disappearance was just a coincidence.

In a special report on Hoffa, the *Lansing (Mich.) State Journal* reported that O'Brien had borrowed Giacalone's car to deliver fish to a Teamster official in a Detroit suburb. The car—a 1975 Mercury—was seized by the F.B.I., but analysts were unable to determine whether bloodstains found on the front seat were made by human as well as fish blood. Police dogs reportedly detected Hoffa's scent in the car.

Hoffa's family has frequently complained of the F.B.I.'s failure to divulge all it knows about his presumed murder. Before she died in 1980, Josephine Hoffa, whom Jimmy met on a picket line in 1936 and married that same year, told an interviewer, "I've got to find out what happened to my man. Other women lose their husbands, but they at least have comfort in knowing where they died and are buried."

James P. Hoffa, 48, the union leader's son and an attorney who represents Teamster locals in Detroit, has long maintained that his father was killed by organized-crime figures who did not want him to regain the presidency of the Teamsters. He thinks the Government knows who killed his father. "They must not have enough evidence," he says, "but I think they do have a lot more information than has been disclosed to date."

Last February, Hoffa's daughter, Barbara Ann Crancer, 51, filed suit against the Justice Department, seeking access to the F.B.I. reports about her father's disappearance. She particularly wants the files concerning the testimony of a witness to her father's abduction. Two years ago, Marjorie Jane Bissaillon, a Detroit-area nurse who was buying bread at the restaurant from which Hoffa disappeared, confirmed to the *Lansing State Journal* that she was the eyewitness who viewed an F.B.I. lineup that included the Briguglio brothers and Andretta. She tentatively identified Salvatore Briguglio ("It looks like him") as one of three men she saw in the car with Hoffa.

The Justice Department has denied Hoffa's daughter's request on the grounds that the investigation is "ongoing." But Crancer, who is an attorney with the Missouri Division of Workers' Compensation in St. Louis, says that 14 years is time enough. "As the grandchildren are getting older," she says, "they're asking questions. We would like to know what really happened, why it happened and where the body is. We've never had a service. We've never had anything."

Is there the remotest possibility her father might still be alive?

"You've got to be kidding. Anyone who knew my father knows that he wouldn't stay away from us if he could get back to us. And nobody could keep him this long." —R.R.



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

Hoffa called McClellan committee chief counsel Robert Kennedy "the little nut" with "the imagination of a mouse." Hoffa told the author, "I understand Bobby likes to play touch football. I sure would like to play with him sometime."

to judge by your own paychecks if this union is being run right for you or whether you'd rather have some namby-pamby running it who hasn't got the guts to stand up for you."

A forceful speaker, he was also a master of the mixed metaphor. "Some of those truck operators know more angles than a brass band," he'd say, or "That guy's way out in left base." He also enjoyed ribbing Teamsters grown prosperous. Once he pointed to the president of a Teamster local and quipped, "Have charter, will steal." But more often management was the butt of his jokes. When a Detroit freight terminal operator restricted Teamster cargo loaders to one toilet, Hoffa ordered the men to use the union hall bathroom—18 miles away. "I'm not in any popularity contest," he liked to remind his followers.

For a while, the heat applied by the McClellan committee investigation made Hoffa edgy. He referred to the committee's chief counsel, Robert Kennedy, as "the little nut" and said that he had "the imagination of a mouse." Once he said to me, "I understand Bobby likes to play touch football. I sure would like to play with him sometime."

Actually Hoffa and Kennedy shared certain traits —singlemindedness, cockiness, self-assurance—similarities I pointed out in the second installment of my series for *Life*. As soon as the issue came off the press, I took a copy to Hoffa and sat across his desk, watching as he silently mouthed every word. It wasn't an unflattering piece, though Hoffa's ruthless determination emerged undisguised. Finally the cold, blue-green eyes looked up, and he said, "You know, just because I've got a gun in my desk drawer doesn't mean I'm going to use it." To this day I don't know what he meant, but it sure sounded ominous at the time.

Kennedy was so incensed by the article that he summoned me for lunch and a tongue-lashing at the Carroll Arms Hotel near the Capitol. Particularly infuriating to RFK was my description of the way Hoffa had slipped his Government pursuers. The magazine agreed to let Kennedy have his say in an essay that was tacked on to the final installment. "In 2½ years the McClellan committee has employed 100 investigators, interrogated 1,366 witnesses, and disclosed a truly scandalous corruption in the Teamsters," Kennedy wrote. "Racket ridden and irresponsible, the union is stronger than ever."

When Kennedy became Attorney General in 1960, he made convicting the Teamster president a top priority and organized a special squad to do it. After several prosecutions failed, Hoffa was found guilty in March 1964 of jury-tampering (in connection with a 1962 trial for conspiracy that had ended with a hung jury). Less than five months later, he was convicted of defrauding the Teamsters pension fund of some $2 million. Although his lawyers tried repeatedly to have the convictions overturned, Hoffa entered the Federal penitentiary in Lewisburg, Pa., in March 1967 to serve 13 years—eight for jury-tampering, five for fraud.

Hoffa held on to his title of Teamster president while in prison, which he called "hell on earth, only worse." But he turned over operational control of the union to Frank Fitzsimmons, his trusted deputy. In late 1971, after Hoffa had served a little more than 4½ years, President Nixon commuted his sentence with the proviso that he not participate in union activities until 1980. A former Justice Department official says the commutation was "part of a deal made during the 1968 Presidential campaign," when the Teamsters threw a lot of money and the full weight of their membership behind Nixon. In any case, Hoffa officially retired from the union and was paid a lump-sum pension of $1.7 million.

But his thirst for power was not so easily slaked. In 1975, while awaiting the outcome of an appeal to lift the restriction imposed by Nixon, Hoffa decided to risk another run for the Teamster presidency. He accused caretaker boss Fitzsimmons of conspiring with Nixon to block his return. "No one has ever been disloyal like this rat Fitz," he growled. "All stool pigeons are rats. They scratch and bite you."

Hoffa quickly rekindled rank-and-file support. Although he had been convicted of looting their pension fund, many truckers remembered Jimmy for winning them just about the highest union pay in the land. "We don't care if he's getting his; he gets ours" went the pro-Hoffa refrain. Nevertheless, Hoffa was sent a message to quit campaigning or face the consequences. Cocky as always, he took no precautions. "I never had bodyguards, and I always drive myself," he said to a friend. "If anybody wants to get me, they know where I am." ■

ROY ROWAN *is a veteran Time-Life writer and editor whose latest book (with Sandy Smith),* Connections: American Business and the Mob, *will be out later this year.*

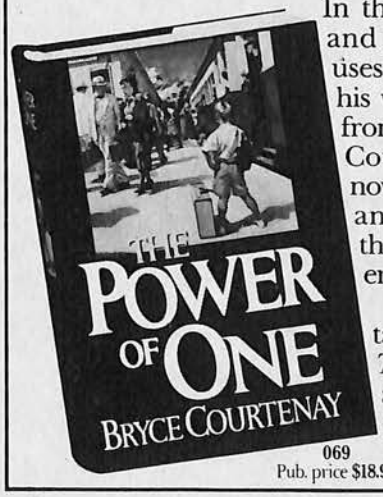
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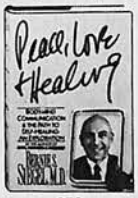
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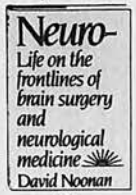
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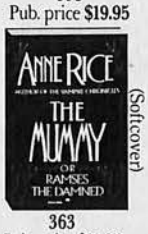
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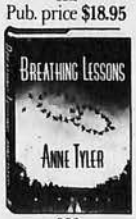
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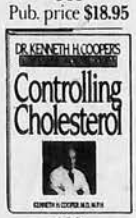
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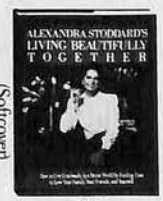
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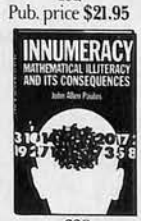
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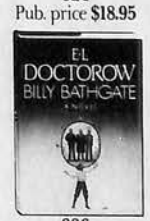
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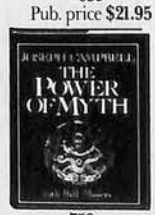
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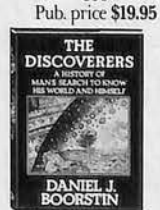
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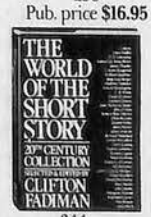
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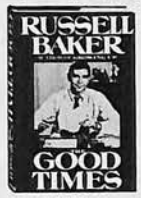
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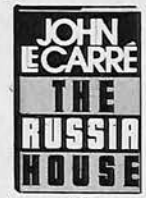
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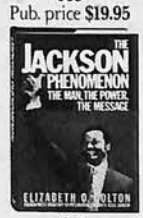
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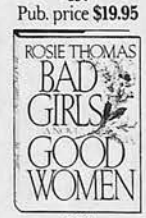
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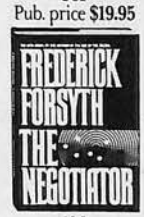
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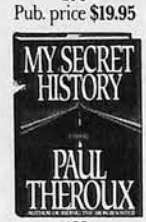
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BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

30 YEARS AGO: ZINJANTHROPUS BOISEI IS FOUND

Louis and Mary Leakey, in Africa, dig up the skull of a man, an ape, or something else. Whatever it is, it will change our ideas about our origins.

Bones of Contention

By Ted Joy

It was early in August 1959 when Clark Howell, a young American anthropologist, stopped off in Kenya and called on his friends and fellow anthropologists, Louis and Mary Leakey. They invited him to their Nairobi home for dinner.

"We were sitting around after dinner," Howell recalls, "and Louis said to me, 'How about a very special something for dessert?' I, of course, agreed. A moment later he came back to the table carrying one of those big metal cookie boxes that you used to see all over the British colonies. He told me to open it up, and I did. Inside was this skull.

"I must have gasped, because Louis got a big guffaw out of it, as he always did. This, he told me, was the skull of the oldest direct ancestor to the human race yet found. Of course it was Zinj. I was the first person outside the Leakey family to see it."

In a matter of weeks, Zinj—short for Zinjanthropus boisei—would begin to transform the way scientists understood human origins and the way the public thought about anthropology. It would also transform the lives of the Leakeys, turning them into international celebrities.



DES BARTLETT/NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

Mary Leakey's eye was caught by a bone sticking out of the earth. It looked like a hominid fossil. One had never been found in East Africa before.

Tanzania's Olduvai Gorge runs for 35 miles through the Serengeti Plains. An extension of East Africa's Great Rift Valley, Olduvai's steep walls cut down through layer after layer of ancient sediments, exposing what was once the edge of a vast lake. Two million years ago the lake teemed with fish and turtles, birds nested along its shores, and animals came to it to slake their thirsts. Early humans hunted and scavenged along the lake shore, built small shelters of stone, and battered rocks into primitive tools. Over the centuries the ancient lake rose and fell, burying and preserving the bones of prehistoric animals and man's ancestors.

None of this human activity was known in 1931, when Louis Leakey first explored Olduvai. He was then a young anthropologist, fresh out of Cambridge University and determined to overturn the accepted wisdom that Asia was the birthplace of man. Olduvai's animal-fossil riches had been discovered by a 1911 expedition, but its scientists had overlooked the stone tools that littered the gorge. Louis, however, spotted a handaxe almost as soon as he arrived. He could also see that Olduvai, with its sedimentary slices of geologic time stacked one on top of another, was a textbook place to look for an evolutionary progression of human ancestors. He was certain that at Olduvai he would unearth evidence of man's African origins.

But it was a slow, tedious search. For nearly three decades Louis and his wife, Mary, crawled on hands and knees over Olduvai's rocky, crusty slopes and gullies. By 1959 they had built a respectable reputation among their scientific colleagues through their discoveries of the fossilized bones of a veritable menagerie of prehistoric animals—many of them exotic creatures, like a giant sheep with horns that spanned eight feet, an almost gorilla-sized baboon, an elephant with downward-curving tusks and a hippopotamus with periscope-shaped eyes. But while they had found an abundance of man's tools, they had not conclusively found his bones.

Then, in the summer of 1959, Louis, 56, and Mary, 46—operating as usual on a

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"Louis Leakey was a showman, with an acute sense of what the public was interested in. To him the whole world was one great upturned face. He was great theater as well as a great scientist."

shoestring—set out to explore Olduvai once more. On the morning of July 17, Louis awoke with a headache severe enough to convince him to spend the day in camp. Mary decided to go back to a site she and Louis had explored only cursorily, taking two of her dalmatians with her. Ironically, the site was called FLK, after Frida Leakey, the wife Louis had left 25 years before in order to marry Mary.

Mary walked along an eroded gully (in Swahili a *korongo*, which put the K in FLK), searching for any fossil material recently exposed by the weather. Her eye was caught by a bit of bone projecting from the surface of the earth. She moved closer. It looked to be hominid—that is, part of the animal family that includes humans, the great apes and their ancestors. Hominid fossils were—and are—rare, their discovery inevitably an event. She brushed away some dirt and saw two large teeth in an upper jaw. It *was* hominid, from a part of the continent where one had never before been found. She knew instantly that it would shatter many previously held ideas about the distribution of early humans and their ancestors.

Full of excitement, Mary dashed to her Land Rover and roared back to camp. Louis saw her coming; he thought she must have been bitten by a scorpion or poisonous snake.

"I've got him, I've got him!" she shouted.

"Got what? Are you hurt?" he asked.

"Him, the man!" she said. "*Our* man. The one we've been looking for. Come quick! I've found his teeth."

Headache forgotten, they set out immediately for FLK, running the last half-mile. Louis could see at once, as Mary had, that the teeth were hominid and that the jaw, curving deep into the earth, had never been disturbed. Louis later described his reaction to the find in *National Geographic*. "I turned to look at Mary and we almost cried with sheer joy, each seized by that terrific emotion that comes rarely in life. After all our hoping and hardship and sacrifice, at last we had reached our goal—we had discovered the world's earliest known human."

Louis and Mary covered the fragment up. They did not want to disturb the site until the find had been photographed in the ground. Back in the mid-1930's, Louis had announced what he thought was a major find of East African hominid remains, only to be challenged by the British scientific establishment. When a geologist came from London to make an on-site examination of young Leakey's find, through mix-ups and mistakes the exact site of the excavation could not be located. In the geologist's report, published in the prestigious British journal *Nature*, Leakey was accused of incompetence and worse. This time he would take no chances.

Over the next two weeks, Louis and Mary dug and sieved the earth at the FLK site, finally uncovering more than 400 fragments of the skull. Mary carefully pieced them together, constructing a creature with a massive face, enormous teeth and a bony crest that ran the length of the skull, much like a gorilla's. Only the lower jaw was missing.

Though it resembled a hominid from South Africa called Australopithecine ("Southern Ape Man"), no stone tools had ever been found close to Australopithecine. (Like most anthropologists of the time, Louis felt tool-making distinguished humans from nonhumans.) He called it Zinjanthropus boisei, *Zinj* being the Arabic word for East Africa, *anthropus* from the Greek for man, and boisei from Charles Boise, Louis's friend and chief financial backer. The Leakeys themselves always referred to Zinj as "Dear Boy."

Protocol requires that a major discovery be documented in a scientific publication before it is announced to the general public. Accordingly, Louis now dispatched an article to *Nature*. He was eager for it to appear before an important mid-August meeting of anthropologists and archaeologists that he and Mary planned to attend in what was then Leopoldville, Belgian Congo (now Kinshasa, Zaire). *Nature* accepted Leakey's paper and scheduled its publication for the Aug. 15 issue.

But shortly before the magazine could go to press it was hit by a printers' strike; there would be no Aug. 15 issue. Undaunted, Mary and Louis flew off to Leopoldville with "Dear Boy" in a box on Mary's lap. There, to an astonished assembly of scientists on Saturday, Aug. 22, 1959, Louis announced the discovery. The reaction was predictably electric: congratulations laced with skepticism and with grumblings about the unseemly haste of the announcement. While most of the Leakeys' colleagues shared their sense of significance in the finding of stone tools beside such a primitive-looking creature, many suspected that Zinj was actually another Australopithecine.

In the firestorm that followed, Louis was happy to fan the flames, asserting to *The New York Times*, for example, that Zinj represented the so-called "missing link" between apes and man: "For many years, scientists have been trying to find the connecting link between the southern African near-men or ape men . . . and true man as we know him. Now at last we have that link." Riding a wave of publicity, he went immediately from Leopoldville to the National Geographic Society, where he picked up his first substantial grant, for $20,000. Over the next year, while Louis savored the triumph and concentrated on his job as director of the natural history museum in Nairobi, Mary used the grant to direct further excavations at Olduvai.

Indeed, before the year was out, the Leakeys' 19-year-old son, Jonathan, who was helping his mother with the dig, discovered another kind of hominid—one that would prove to be the *true* tool-maker of Olduvai Gorge. (Zinj would ultimately be reclassified an Australopithecine after all.) Louis named this new creature Homo habilis, or "handy man." Although extremely controversial when first announced (few scientists were prepared to accept the idea of two hominids living together at the same time in the same



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

The Leakeys were used to crawling on hands and knees, working with dental picks and soft brushes, and sieving tons of earth to recover small bone fragments.

DES BARTLETT/©NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

JOSEPH J. SCHERSCHEL/©NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY (2)



Olduvai Gorge, where Zinj and other important finds were made, is an anthropologist's dream lab. Cut-away layers of ancient sediment at the gorge, once the site of a vast lake, contain two million years of living history.

place), Homo habilis today is considered the earliest human ancestor, two million years old. Australopithecine has been relegated to an evolutionarily dead-end status, and the whole idea of the missing link has been discredited.

Zinj, Homo habilis and Louis's later discovery of a skull of a one-million-year-old Homo erectus would establish beyond doubt the Leakeys' long-held contention that Africa was the birthplace of humankind. The finds also elevated anthropology in the public consciousness and established the Leakeys—Louis in particular—as its superstars. It was a spotlight in which he basked. ''Louis was an incredible showman,'' says Bill Graves, a *National Geographic* editor. ''He had a very acute sense of what the public was interested in—perhaps the best I've ever seen. To him the whole world was one great upturned face. He was great theater as well as a great scientist.''

By the mid-60's, in part because an arthritic hip made field work difficult and in part because he so enjoyed the world's adulation, Louis's attention began to shift away from Olduvai. He made annual forays to the United States and elsewhere to lecture and raise funds. He started the Leakey Foundation to help young scientists; he recruited Jane Goodall and Dian Fossey to study Africa's chimpanzees and gorillas. And he involved himself in a search for early humans in Southern California, a project so scientifically dubious that it contributed to the unraveling of what Mary once called their ''idyllic partnership.''

By 1970, Louis's health had also become precarious. He survived a succession of coronary attacks only to nearly die after being stung by hundreds of bees. He fell off a lecture platform and suffered a brain hemorrhage. On Oct. 1, 1972, while visiting Jane Goodall's mother in London, at the age of 69, he suffered his final, fatal heart attack.

Today some anthropologists dismiss Louis as a mere popularizer. ''Leakey had a viewpoint,'' says Owen Lovejoy of Kent State University. ''He had a bias. But he didn't have any coherent theory. He didn't have any major ideas that you'd teach in introductory anthropology class today.''

Donald Johanssen, director of the Institute of Human Relations in Berkeley, Calif., tends to agree. ''The details of much of the work that Leakey did has not held up,'' he says. ''His science is not as good as the science we are doing today.''

But Richard Leakey, the middle son, a respected anthropologist in his own right,



After Louis's death, Mary continued her archeological digs in Africa; in 1974 she discovered footprints three million years old. Today, at 76, she lives in semiretirement in Nairobi, where she continues to write about her work.

makes a different case. ''More often than not my father was right,'' he says, ''to the fury of his colleagues. His great talent was the interpretation of fossils, and many of the statements he made earlier in his life''—like his theory that different hominids lived side by side at Olduvai—''have subsequently been proven correct.''

Randall Susman, an anatomist at the State University of New York at Stony Brook and one of the world's leading experts on Australopithecines, says, ''Leakey was the first to understand and to point out that you had to study the great apes of Africa and Asia if you wanted to understand the early hominids—that the apes and early hominids were much more like one another than either were like modern humans.''

And even Louis's critics concede him a special place in anthropology. ''He was this great father figure,'' says Lovejoy. ''Somehow, he inspired people to get on with the work.''

Johanssen adds: ''Louis did the seminal work in East Africa. He provided the initial spark that was able to ignite all of our interest in the Great Rift Valley in particular and Africa in general.''

For her part, Mary continued to work at Olduvai and at another nearby site called Laetoli. It was at Laetoli, in 1974, that she made what she today regards as her greatest discovery: the three-million-year-old tracks of early humans, footprints that wind along the edge of what was once a stream bed.

Today, at 76, she lives in semiretirement in Nairobi, her home for more than half a century, where she continues to analyze her discoveries documenting the steady progression from Homo habilis through Homo erectus to early Homo sapiens. Much in demand as a speaker, she recently published her autobiography, *Disclosing the Past*, and is now writing about her final Olduvai excavations. ''Mary's excavations set a standard for archaeological digs in Africa,'' says Desmond Clark, professor emeritus of archeology at the University of California, Berkeley.

Anthropology would be quite different without Louis and Mary Leakey and their discovery of Zinj. Together, in Bill Graves's words, they ''made mankind aware for the first time just how completely fascinating is the history of the human race.'' ■

TED JOY *is a frequent freelance contributor to the* Akron (Ohio) Beacon Journal *and other publications.*

"Go Find Your Own Bone"

By Virginia Morell

Work and family life were one and the same in the Leakey household. For Louis and Mary's three sons—Jonathan, Richard and Philip—this meant helping their parents search for fossils. "We spent a lot of our childhood groveling in the sediments," recalls middle son Richard, now director of Kenya's Wildlife Services and proponent of a bold and controversial plan to fence the country's 16 national parks (keeping the animals in and the poachers out) and to run the parks on a self-supporting financial basis.

Growing up, each son had his own set of dental picks and brushes for excavating, and each found important fossils. Richard made his first discovery when he was 6, after his whining about the heat had driven Louis to exclaim, "Go and find your own bone!" Richard promptly turned up the jaw of an extinct—and previously unknown—species of giant pig.

At 16, Jonathan, the eldest, found the jawbone of a new species of baboon as large as today's gorilla. At 19, he uncovered the remains of the first saber-toothed tiger ever discovered in East Africa, and, most important of all, the first bones of Homo habilis, two million years old, man's earliest true ancestor. And Philip, at the age of 12, found the oldest man-made structure—the remnants of a rock wall built at Olduvai for shelter two million years ago.

Despite their early successes, neither Jonathan nor Philip pursued paleoanthropology as a career. "I wanted to have something of my own," says Jonathan, who at 49 runs a safari camp on an island in Kenya's Lake Baringo and collects medicinal plants for export. "I got clear of paleontology after finding Homo habilis." He supplied much of the snake poison for the world's anti-venom market and started the National Museums' snake park. Yet it was his love of wild places that brought him to the remote shores of Baringo, where he lives with his wife, Janet, and four children.

Similarly, Philip's home is sited "amongst the animals," only a stone's throw from Nairobi National Park. The only white member of Kenya's parliament—he's currently serving his third term, representing a mixed constituency of blacks and whites—Philip, 40, is also the assistant minister of wildlife and tourism. Like his brothers, he is a dedicated Kenyan. "There was never a question of living anywhere else," he says.

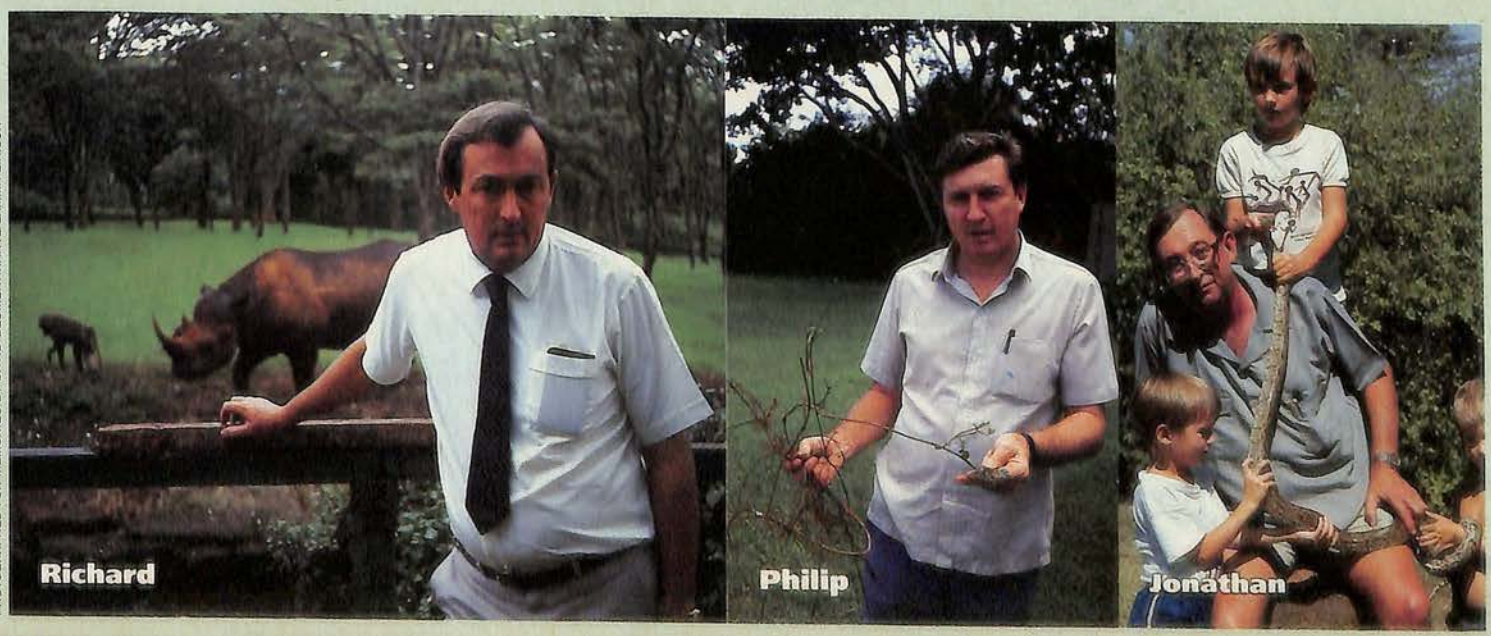
As a young man, Richard, too, wanted nothing more to do with fossils. At 16, he dropped out of high school to start a safari company with a friend. One day in 1964, he happened to be piloting a plane over Tanzania's Lake Natron and spotted extensive fossil deposits. Weary of pampering safari clients, he enlisted his parents to help organize an exploratory expedition. "It was really the challenge of getting our equipment into this remote region that appealed to me," Richard, 45, says now. "The search for fossils was secondary." Nevertheless, his team scored a coup, finding the lower jaw of a Zinjanthropus creature, the same hominid that had brought his parents such acclaim.

Not only did this find bring Richard attention, it also, to his surprise, whetted his appetite for finding more hominid fossils. Since 1964, hardly a year has gone by that he and his team have not turned up some significant discovery. Hundreds of skulls and limb bones of Australopithecines, Homo habilis, Homo erectus and early forms of Homo sapiens now line the shelves of Kenya's National Museum in Nairobi. Fittingly, it was Richard's finds that persuaded other paleoanthropologists that Homo habilis and Australopithecines had lived side by side on the African savanna two million years ago, just as Louis Leakey had theorized.

Most of Richard's discoveries have come from the northern deserts of Kenya, bordering Lake Turkana. In 1984, his team uncovered a nearly complete skeleton of a 1.5-million-year-old Homo erectus boy—the first such skeleton ever found. In 1986, he and his wife, Meave, found a trove of 14-million-year-old ape fossils, all new to science.

None of these finds would have been made, Richard believes, without Zinj. "Had my parents not made that discovery, they certainly would not have continued to work at Olduvai," he says. "And if they hadn't continued at Olduvai, their careers would not have developed the way they did, and my own career would not have happened. The enormous growth of the science of human origins is to a large extent the product of that one find." ■

VIRGINIA MORELL *is writing a biography of the Leakey family.*



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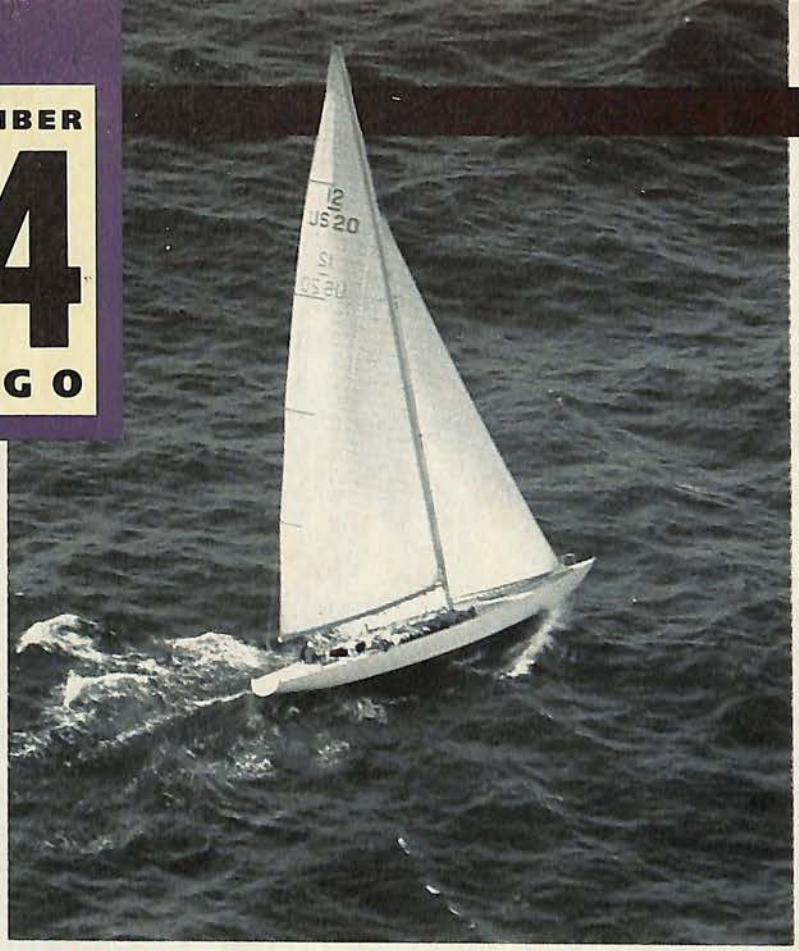
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AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER

1964

25 YEARS AGO



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS (2)

THE FINAL CURTAIN

Aug. 28 He: Excuse me, what's today's date? She: I don't know. He: Just look at the newspaper. She: Oh, that won't do any good. It's yesterday's paper.

With jokes like this, the comedy team of George Burns and Gracie Allen captivated the nation for four decades, first in vaudeville and later in movies and on radio and TV. Their winning partnership ended today; Gracie Allen died of heart failure at the age of 58. Allen started her career with her sisters in a singing-and-dancing act called The Four Colleens. Teaming up with the struggling Burns in 1923, she quickly hit upon the stage character that would become her trademark: the dizzy dame who



GLOBE PHOTOS

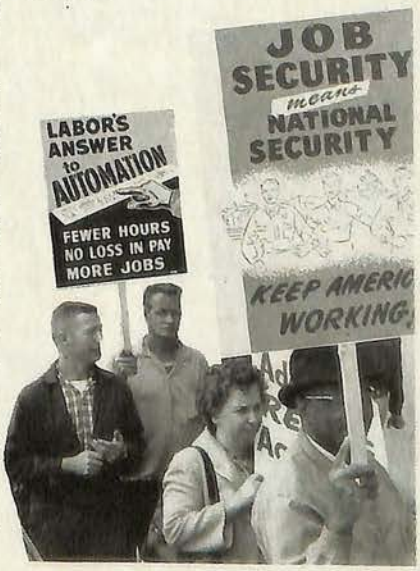
never believed she was dumb, the utterly logical analyst who took everything literally, to hilarious effect. "She was smart," said Burns, "smart enough to become the dumbest woman in show-business history." Burns and Allen were nearly as famous for their long and happy marriage—they wed in 1926—as for their comedy. In his 1988 book, *Gracie—A Love Story*, Burns reflected on his good fortune: "People ask me how to make a marriage work. I tell them the answer's easy—marry Gracie."

VICTORY AT SEA

Sept. 21 In a performance that leaves no doubt as to which is the better boat, the Constellation, the U.S. defender of sailing's America's Cup, trounces the British challenger to sweep the match, four victories to none. Crossing the finish line in Rhode Island Sound more than two miles ahead of the Sovereign, the U.S. yacht, skippered by Eric Ridder, was cheered by a spectator fleet of 50 boats. It had won by at least three-quarters of a mile in each of its three other match victories. Immediately, Australia filed a challenge to take on the next U.S. defender, in 1967.

GRINDING TO A HALT

Sept. 25 After efforts to reach a new labor agreement stall, 260,000 members of the United Auto Workers walk off the job at General Motors in a nationwide strike affecting 89 plants. Union president Walter P. Reuther said the problem was not money but such issues as overtime, grievance procedures and working conditions. The strike has halted G.M.'s daily production of 16,100 cars and 2,600 trucks; the union, with a $68 million strike fund,says the walkout could be a long one. **Update** The strike ended on Oct. 24 as more than half of the U.A.W.'s membership okayed a new three-year contract offering improved pensions, Christmas bonuses, early retirement and better plant conditions. Twenty-eight plants remained closed pending the resolution of local issues; the last local settled on Nov. 9.



Heavy Tolls

Aug. 23 Mass executions are reported in Haiti as President François Duvalier cracks down on guerrilla opposition; 200 to 300 are said to be dead . . . **Sept. 13** Three nights of rioting in predominantly black areas of Paterson, N.J., and nearby Elizabeth give way to calm after more than 60 arrests . . . **Sept. 21** Floods threaten Cairo as the Nile rises to its highest level in the century; 3,500 dwellings are at risk.

Feats

Sept. 9 American adventurer William Willis, age 71, completes a 9,800-mile raft trip across the Pacific, a journey that began in Peru in July 1963 . . . **Sept. 2** Roy Emerson and Maria Bueno, fresh from tennis victories at Wimbledon, take men's and women's singles titles at U.S. Open . . . **Sept. 20** Taiho, a 310-pound, 24-year-old sumo wrestler, wins his 14th world title in Tokyo . . . **Sept. 23** Marc Chagall's painting on the ceiling of the Paris Opera is unveiled; the 600-square-foot work took two years to complete.

Literary Losses

Aug. 3 Southern novelist Flannery O'Connor dies at age 39 . . . **Aug. 12** The creator of James Bond, British writer Ian Fleming, dies of a heart attack at 56 . . . **Sept. 18** Irish playwright Sean O'Casey dies at 84.

In the Arts

Movies *Night of the Iguana* with Richard Burton and Ava Gardner; *Kisses for My President* with Fred MacMurray and Polly Bergen; the Beatles in *A Hard Day's Night*. **Music** Number-one hits include Dean Martin's "Everybody Loves Somebody," the Supremes' "Where Did Our Love Go" and "The House of the Rising Sun" by the Animals.

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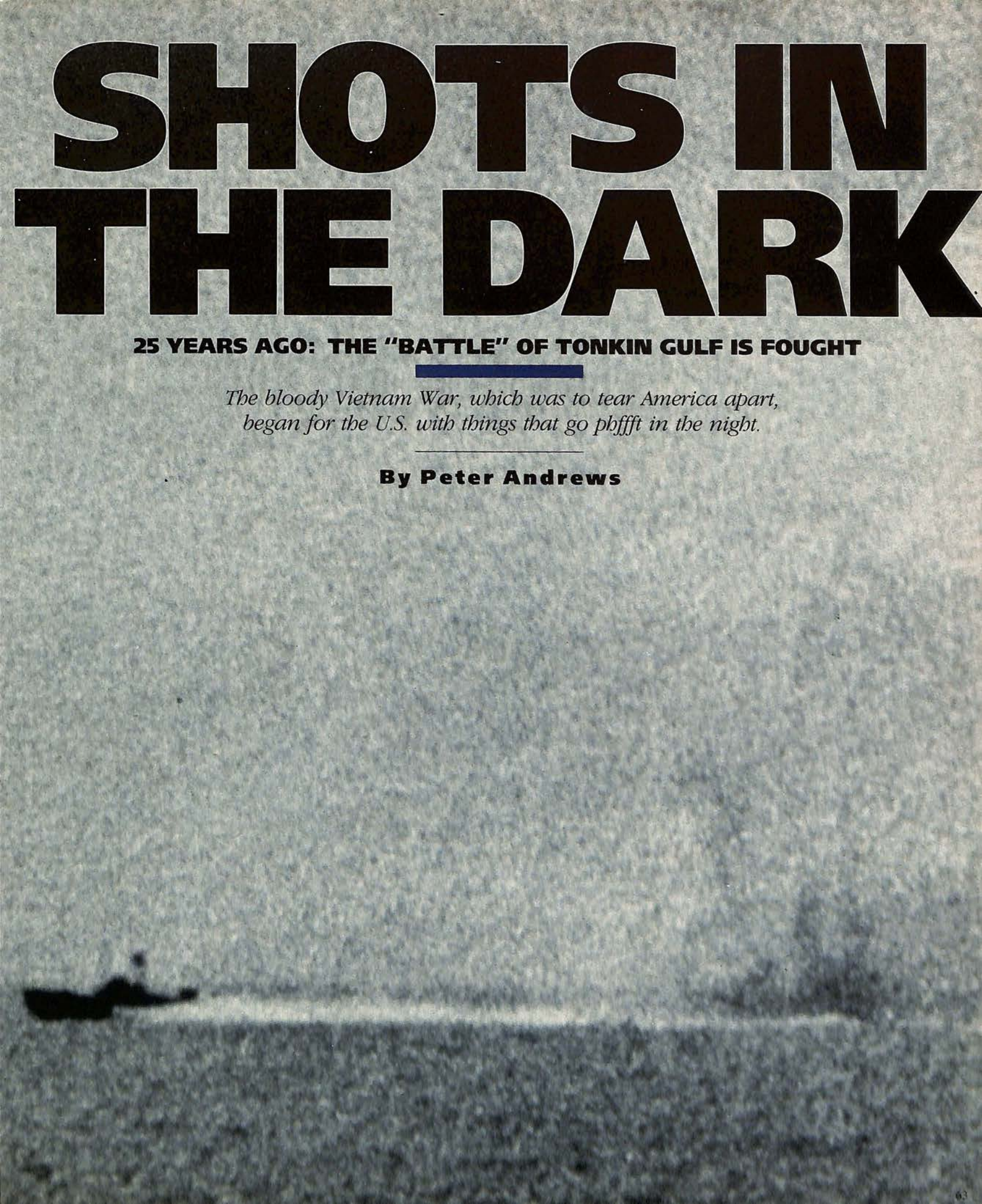
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SHOTS IN THE DARK

25 YEARS AGO: THE "BATTLE" OF TONKIN GULF IS FOUGHT

The bloody Vietnam War, which was to tear America apart, began for the U.S. with things that go phffft in the night.

By Peter Andrews



Pressed against the back of the cockpit, Comdr. James Stockdale experienced a familiar moment of terror when his jet fighter was catapulted off the flight deck of the aircraft carrier U.S.S. Ticonderoga, accelerating from a dead stop to 170 m.p.h. in a mere three seconds. The time was 8:46 P.M., Aug. 4, 1964.

The carrier was providing cover for two American destroyers, the Maddox and the C. Turner Joy, which were patrolling the Gulf of Tonkin off the coast of North Vietnam. Two days earlier, in the first direct conflict between American and North Vietnamese naval forces, three North Vietnamese torpedo boats had attacked the Maddox in broad daylight as it sailed alone in open water. The Soviet-built torpedo boats were driven off by fire from the Maddox and from air attacks by Commander Stockdale and other Ticonderoga pilots.



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

The U.S. destroyer Maddox, patrolling the Gulf of Tonkin with the C. Turner Joy, was attacked in broad daylight on Aug. 2 by three North Vietnamese torpedo boats; no damage was done.

The Aug. 2 fight had been a ludicrous business. In 37 minutes the Communist vessels scored only one hit—a machine-gun bullet struck the Maddox and fell harmlessly into a compartment below decks. But the action sent a tremor through a jittery Washington. While President Lyndon B. Johnson publicly urged restraint, Secretary of State Dean Rusk said privately he was ready to send in the whole Seventh Fleet if necessary.

Now, two days later, the Maddox and Turner Joy were reporting that the North Vietnamese were on the attack again, this time at night. Commander Stockdale and his supersonic Crusaders were dispatched to find the destroyers 150 miles away.

They were on the scene in minutes. As Stockdale started his descent, at 10,000 feet, he could hear the familiar voice of the Maddox radio controller calling out the battle action. The radioman's delivery reminded him of Clem McCarthy, the famous rapid-fire sports announcer of the 1930's and 40's. As he listened to excited reports—"under attack by three PT boats . . . torpedoes in the water . . . engaging the enemy"—Stockdale was sure there must be one hell of a fight going on below. He located the two American ships, leveled off at masthead height and throttled back to "loiter speed," about 250 knots, to join the battle. His plane flew so close to the waves that sea water splashed the windshield. Following coordinates given to him by the American vessels, he criss-crossed the area looking for the enemy for an hour and a half. When his fuel ran low, he fired his zuni rockets into the dark, emptied his four 20-millimeter cannons and headed back to the Ticonderoga.

Stockdale was the one American pilot close enough to make visual contact with any attacking vessels. What had he actually seen? "Not a ship, not the outline of a ship, not a wake," he says today. "Not a reflection, not the light of a single tracer bullet. Nothing."

While he was searching, the men on the Maddox and Turner Joy had been straining to make sense of the sounds from their sonar gear, no easy task. Even under optimum conditions the Gulf of Tonkin is filled with sampans, schools of fish and flocks of birds, all giving off deceptive signals. And earlier that day, the Maddox's sonar equipment had failed along with her IFF (Identification Friend or Foe) equipment. Following an afternoon of repair efforts, the Maddox's sonar was only marginally operational; it still couldn't tell which side of the vessel an approaching plane or ship was on.

Both crews had been on edge since the Aug. 2 attack, and the patrol commander, Capt. John Herrick, had put both destroyers on notice to "consider situation not unlike war patrol." To make matters worse, the sonar man on duty that Aug. 4 night was an inexperienced 23-year-old.

It was shortly after 7 P.M. when Herrick first got word, from a communications intercept, that North Vietnamese ships were preparing to attack; he put his two-vessel fleet on general alert. The patrol started picking up oncoming signals. But it was unclear whether they were from low-flying aircraft or fast-moving surface vessels. Steaming through a series of rain squalls, Herrick remembers, was like sailing "inside a bottle of ink."

Sometime around 9:30 P.M. the sonar indicated a surface vessel 7,000 yards to starboard and closing fast. The Turner's five-inch guns fired into the dark. The sonar indicated the approaching vessel making a hard, high-speed turn, a maneuver an attacking vessel makes after launching a torpedo. Almost immediately the Maddox reported a "fish" in the water. The battle of the Gulf of Tonkin was underway.

For the next two hours, the airwaves were alive with calls of ship and torpedo sightings as the Maddox reported 26 separate torpedo runs. Herrick sent a flash cable to the Ticonderoga: "Am under continuous torpedo attack."

As the Maddox and Turner Joy weaved through the seas, they fired more than 400 three-inch and five-inch shells into the dark. Crewmen were even prepared to ram the enemy torpedo boats—if only they could find them.

"We didn't pick up a single contact we could hold," recalled Patrick Park, a sailor manning the gun director of the Maddox. Finally, the radar room informed him of a sighting about 1,500 yards away, "the firmest target we had all night." Park was ordered to fire, but something held him back. He first wanted to know the whereabouts of the Turner Joy.

When the Turner Joy blinked its lights to identify its position, Park's hunch was confirmed: It was the American ship he held in his sights. The Turner Joy would turn out to be the only actual target he, or any other American, would see all night.

After two hours of melee without contact, Herrick gave the order for both vessels to steam away from the Gulf of Tonkin. As he later put it, "It was just getting a little ridiculous." Herrick was understandably uneasy about the "battle" he had just been in. He was particularly concerned that the Maddox had reported all 26 torpedo strikes; the Turner Joy had not reported any. Nor had Herrick or Capt. Robert Barnhart, skipper of the Turner Joy, heard a single enemy shot fired. "En-

tire action leaves many doubts,'' Herrick cabled his superiors shortly after midnight. ''Suggest complete evaluation before any further action.''

As the two destroyers sailed out of the Gulf of Tonkin, Herrick conducted a small midsea experiment. He had the Maddox execute a series of high-speed turns similar to the ones made during the engagement. After each turn, the Maddox's sonar registered a torpedo run. Herrick realized the sonar man was hearing the sound of his own beam bouncing off the rudder.

Had *all* of the torpedo calls—even the earliest ones—been the errors of a novice sailor misreading signals? Herrick didn't think so. He figured something had been out there. But what?

The picture may have been muddy to the naval personnel in the Gulf of Tonkin, but it was clear to the political leaders in Washington: American ships had been attacked twice in three days. The only question was the appropriate reaction. Following LBJ's measured response to the Aug. 2 incident, Gen. Maxwell Taylor, the U.S. Ambassador to South Vietnam, had

"They Found Their Opportunity"

By J. William Fulbright

J. William Fulbright was chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee during the Gulf of Tonkin episodes. In The Price of Empire *(Pantheon Books), his forthright study of America's postwar foreign policy and his role in it, he tells about the pressure on him to rush the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution through Congress. Fulbright also addresses the key question: If the resolution hadn't been adopted, would we have been spared the war?*

When President Kennedy came to office, there were fewer than one thousand American military personnel in Vietnam. They were there as advisers and were not supposed to be involved in combat. I don't think anybody in Congress paid much attention to Indochina at that time. None of us on the Foreign Relations Committee, to my knowledge, had ever been there.

By 1964, however, it became clear that the situation was rapidly deteriorating. On August 5, President Johnson called me and the other Congressional leaders to the White House to tell us that North Vietnamese naval vessels had flagrantly and without provocation violated the freedom of the seas and attacked two of our destroyers in the Gulf of Tonkin. We were told that this situation demanded an urgent, prompt expression of national unity at a moment when we believed that the country had been attacked . . . .

In retrospect I am all too well aware that it was a great mistake to be taken in by this presentation. But Congress had had a long history throughout the cold war of acquiescing to the executive in any seeming or alleged emergency. That was part of the problem of our gullibility. Very few thought at that time that we were being lied to . . . .

In retrospect I clearly made a mistake. I should have held hearings and gone into the issue carefully. The argument was put to us, however, that the whole thrust of the resolution was psychological, that any appearance of disunity or hesitation would undermine the goal of making the strongest possible psychological impression on the North Vietnamese. The resolution was presented as a way to peace, not war.

We were also in the middle of the Presidential campaign of 1964. I thought Johnson was a peacemaker. He had spoken against sending our young men to Vietnam. I thought of Goldwater, on the other hand, as the gunslinger who was threatening to drop the atomic bomb. All of that undoubtedly colored my attitude. To hesitate, to question the Administration's proposal, would give the appearance of undermining the President, of disavowing the nation's leader . . . .

The Senate Foreign Relations Committee in 1967 conducted an exhaustive inquiry into the events of August 1964 in the Gulf of Tonkin. This investigation showed conclusively that the Administration had already, by the time of the Tonkin Resolution, determined their policy. They had already decided that if they had to, they were going to intervene and use whatever force seemed necessary to subdue Ho Chi Minh, prevent him from taking over all of Vietnam. They were only looking for an opportunity to get the cooperation of Congress. When these alleged attacks took place in the Gulf of Tonkin, they found their opportunity.

They misrepresented the actual event. They knew there had not been an unprovoked attack. I am sure that they knew there had been provocation by the South Vietnamese that could lead to some kind of retaliation. And they knew, too, that this so-called attack was something less than an attack . . . .

Only when we began those later hearings on the Tonkin Gulf in 1967 did it really begin to dawn on me that we had been deceived. And I have had little confidence in what the Government says since then. I know I should have been more skeptical. If I had known it was a fraud and a lie in the beginning, I would certainly have acted differently. But I think too that Lyndon Johnson would have gone ahead anyway, that he was just looking for the occasion to proceed with what he was determined to do. ■



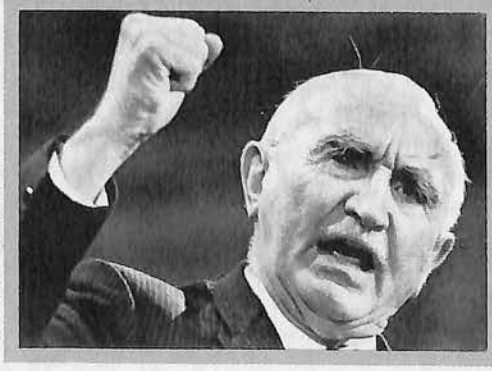
UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

Though Senator Fulbright helped Lyndon Johnson get the Tonkin Gulf Resolution through Congress, he later had second thoughts. The President inscribed this photo: "To Bill, I can see I haven't been very persuasive."

Copyright ©1989 by J. William Fulbright.



After the Aug. 4 episode, President Johnson asked Congress to approve military action against North Vietnam. Above, House Speaker John McCormack, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, Joint Chiefs chairman Earle Wheeler and Secretary of State Dean Rusk confer. The Tonkin Gulf Resolution passed unanimously in the House; in the Senate only two objected, Oregon's Wayne Morse (below left), who called it a "predated resolution of war," and Alaska's Ernest Gruening.





UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS (2)

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

cabled Washington: "It is not adequate to local minds, to state that attack was repelled and that patrol will continue." Ever since Premier Ngo Dinh Diem's murder in a coup the previous November, Saigon's government had been slipping toward chaos. Unless the United States stepped in, the whole government might collapse and South Vietnam might quickly fall to the Communist North.

Questions of party politics also pressed heavily on Johnson. It was an election year, and while Barry Goldwater, the Republican Presidential candidate, was not given much of a chance to win, his one trump card was Johnson's thus far passive handling of the Vietnam situation, which LBJ had inherited from the Kennedy Administration.

Johnson had made it clear to his staff he preferred to wait until after the November elections before moving on Vietnam. But American sailors were under fire. If it had to be now, then so be it. At 11:37 P.M. Washington time, Aug. 5, he went on television to announce that he had ordered a retaliatory air strike against North Vietnam. The broadcast then went to the Pentagon, where Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, with charts and maps and pointer, briefed the public on the "raging sea battle" in which the Maddox and the Turner Joy, attacked while on routine patrol, repulsed the enemy and "sank" at least two of their ships.

Back on the Ticonderoga, Commander Stockdale kicked off his flight gear and fell asleep on his bunk. Less than four hours later, a junior officer woke him up to tell him he had been picked to lead a "reprisal attack" over North Vietnam.

"Reprisal for what?" Stockdale asked. He then climbed into his plane and headed for the fuel depot at Vinh City. The raid lasted 90 seconds; Stockdale and his Crusader pilots dumped almost 30,000 pounds of TNT into the Vinh City tank park, sending plumes of fire and smoke 15,000 feet in the air.

"I couldn't believe the flame," Stockdale recalled, "it was so red."

As for Captain Herrick, the first he knew about any reprisal raid came when, from the deck of the Maddox, he saw smoke from the burning fuel tanks. "We expected some kind of retaliation," he recalls now, "but we thought there would be more of an investigation."

President Johnson moved quickly to get Congressional authorization for what he had done and for what he might do in the future. He took to Congress something called the Joint Resolution to Promote the Maintenance of International Peace and Security in Southeast Asia, which soon became known as the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution. It declared: "The United States is prepared, as the President determines, to take all necessary steps, including the use of armed force, to assist any member or protocol state of the Southeast Asia Collective Defense Treaty requesting assistance in defense of its freedom."

The Senate was willing, even eager, to go along with Johnson. But Senator Wayne Morse was not. The Oregon Democrat had been a consistent opponent of the American presence in Vietnam and was by nature suspicious of the military. He called the Tonkin Gulf Resolution a "predated resolution of war" and warned that "future generations will look with dismay and great disappointment upon a Congress which is now about to make such a historic mistake." But the quixotic legislator, who had served in Congress as both a Democrat and a Republican and always seemed to be kicking up a fuss about something, was largely ignored by his fellow legislators. Only Ernest Gruening of Alaska voted with him against the measure in the Senate; the House of Rep-

resentatives passed it unanimously.

With few exceptions, newspaper editorialists rhapsodized over Johnson's response, and a Harris poll showed that 85 percent of the public approved of the reprisal raid. Goldwater's quest for the Presidency was permanently derailed. Only when Johnson cashed his Congressional check by escalating the war dramatically did the second thoughts begin.

Senator J. William Fulbright, who had rushed the Tonkin Resolution through the Senate, was one of many to have misgivings (see "They Found Their Opportunity"). In September 1967, he authorized the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to investigate. McNamara, testifying behind closed doors in February 1968, no longer maintained that the Maddox and Turner Joy were on a routine patrol unconnected with any South Vietnamese military operation. In fact, he said, the Maddox had been equipped with special gear to develop an electronic profile of North Vietnamese radar facilities prior to possible American air strikes. Coming as close to an admission of prevaricating as the unyielding McNamara was likely to do, he said there had been "ambiguity" in his 1964 statements.

Fulbright concluded that he had been "grossly and sadly mistaken" in supporting President Johnson. After the hearings, Fulbright said that the Tonkin Resolution, "like any contract based on misrepresentation . . . was null and void." The measure was quietly repealed in 1971.

"A couple of very important people are going to have to die before we know the whole truth," Commander Stockdale says today, without elaborating further. Stockdale was shot down near Tinh Gia in North Vietnam in September 1965. The highest ranking U.S. Navy prisoner of war, he spent nearly eight years in a prison camp. He retired in 1979 as a vice admiral with 26 combat decorations, including four Silver Stars and the Medal of Honor. He is now a senior research fellow at the Hoover Institution of Stanford University.

But while Stockdale has never been a defender of McNamara, he does not believe the Secretary of Defense and the President concocted the Tonkin incident to justify an attack on North Vietnam. "One look at those screwy maps they gave us for the strike," he says, "would prove there was no plot. They were presented with a lot of complicated material, and they saw what they wanted to see. McNamara has had to live with that ever since."

Stockdale has no doubts about what he did and didn't see 25 years ago. "I was there for an hour and a half at masthead level. I had the best seat in the house. It was dark, but my lights were out, and I could see perfectly. I knew how their boats looked and the kind of luminescent wakes they made. Nothing was there, and nothing could have been there."

Captain Herrick disagrees. "Stockdale had a seat in the peanut gallery," he says. "I can't believe there wasn't anything out there. We had too many good reports for that to be the case." Herrick, who retired from the Navy after serving 33 years and now lives in Santa Fe, N.M., says, "The whole business is just as big a mystery now as it ever was." But he thinks one possibility is that the first signal of attack, at 9 P.M., came not from a North Vietnamese vessel but from a Chinese torpedo boat that managed to slip away before Stockdale got there.

Herrick does agree with Stockdale that the full story has yet to be told. "I wonder if we really want to know," he muses. "The Navy had me standing by in Washington all during the Fulbright hearings, but I was never asked to testify."

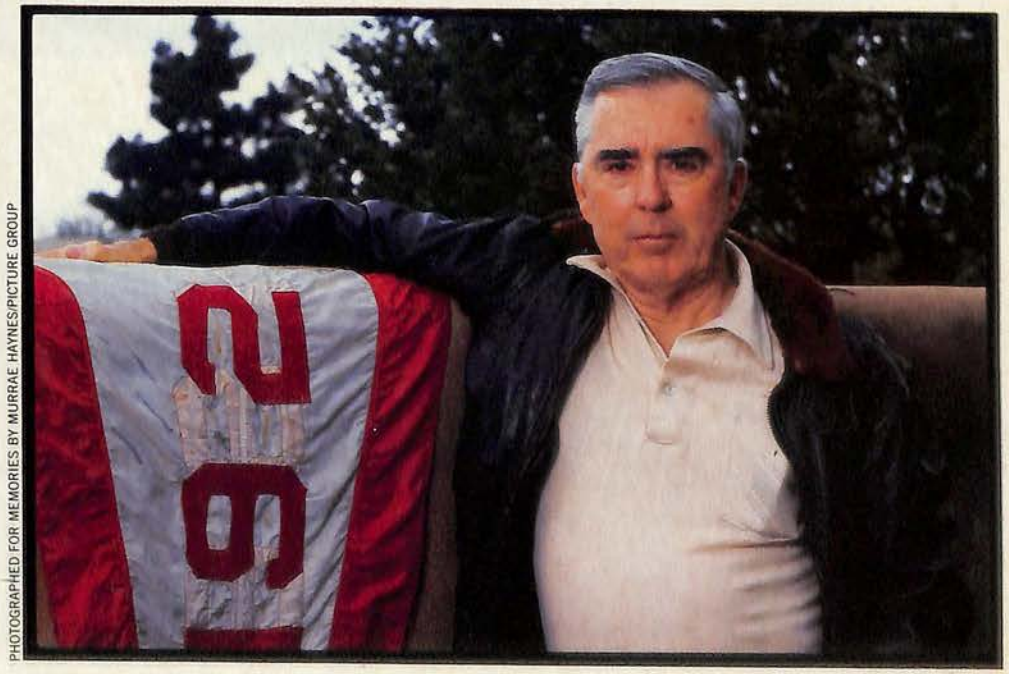
Nor did the Navy seem particularly eager to investigate every aspect of the incident. "I was sure Admiral Moorer would want to talk to me," Herrick says, referring to Thomas Moorer, Commander of the Pacific Fleet and, later, Chief of Naval Operations. "But he didn't. I ran into him in the E ring of the Pentagon one afternoon during the hearings, and as I started to salute he looked at me and ducked into the enlisted men's head." ■

PETER ANDREWS, *a contributing editor of* American Heritage, *is writing a biography of William Tecumseh Sherman.*

Today James Stockdale (left, with wife Sybil) and John Herrick agree that the whole truth about Tonkin remains untold. But they differ over whether there was really something out there.

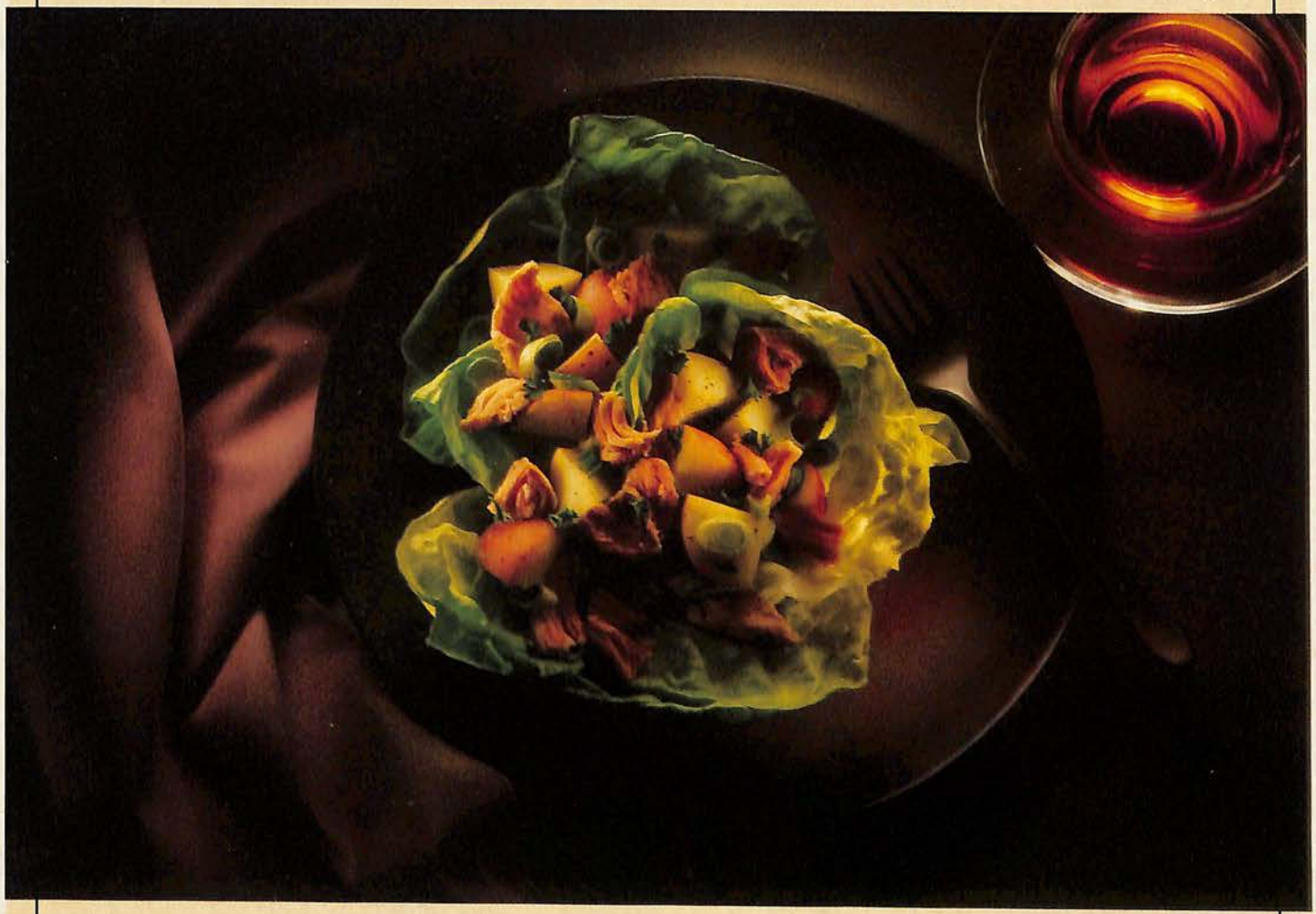


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Create a labor of love without the labor.



It seems to be an inescapable rule of cooking that the more elegant the meal, the more time is spent in the preparation. Fortunately, this truism does have a loophole.

In fact, it has four: Hormel Chunk Ham, Chicken, Turkey and Salmon. Using these extraordinary cooking tools, you can make meals that are perfectly simple, yet simply perfect.



For example, to make this warm potato salad with ham, simply scrub and cube 4 cups of red potatoes and place in a pan filled with ¾ cup of water. And ¼ cup of finely chopped onion, ⅛ teaspoon of black pepper, and 1 teaspoon of Dijon-style mustard. Mix together, then cover and heat to a boil. Let simmer for 15 minutes. Next, drain one 6¾ ounce can of Hormel Chunk Ham, saving the broth. Break the ham into chunks. Stir the ham broth into the potatoes and add 3 tablespoons of cider vinegar. Continue simmering, uncovered for 10 minutes. Then gently stir in the ham chunks and 2 tablespoons of chopped parsley. Cover, remove from heat and let stand for 10 minutes. (For a creamy salad, stir in ½ cup of sour cream with the ham.)

If you are intrigued by the idea of creating marvelous meals in minutes, check out Hormel Chunk Ham, Chicken, Turkey, and Salmon. In no time at all you'll be preparing labors of love that contain all the love, yet little of the labor.

Hormel The Casual Cuisine

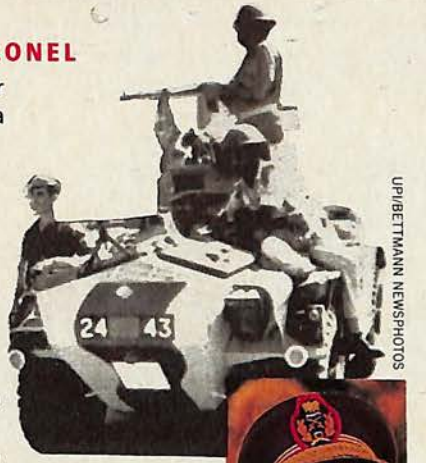
AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER

1969

20 YEARS AGO

COMMUNIST COLONEL

Sept. 1 Col. Muammar el-Qaddafi, 27, leads a bloodless coup in Libya, ending the reign of King Idris I. Stressing allegiance to the Arab cause, Qaddafi and his Revolutionary Communist Committee adopt the Arab Nationalist slogan "Socialism, Unity and Freedom" and rename the country the Libyan Arab Republic. In accordance with the laws of Islam, the new government outlaws beer and whisky, removes foreign-language street signs and bans English from school curriculums. The junta jails more than 600 ranking officers, politicians, civil servants and businessmen and orders U.S. and British military bases shut down by 1970. **Update** In 1986, Libyan terrorists bombed a West Berlin discothèque, killing two American soldiers and wounding 230 others. In retaliation, President Reagan ordered



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AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

American bombers to attack the cities of Tripoli and Benghazi, wounding Qaddafi and reportedly killing his 15-month-old adopted daughter. Last year, American F-16s shot down two Libyan fighter planes over the Mediterranean amid rumors that Qaddafi was building a chemical-weapons plant. Despite heightened tensions, Qaddafi has asked for improved relations with the U.S.



CURT GUNTHER/GLOBE PHOTOS

THE SAY HEY KID

Sept. 22 San Francisco Giants star center fielder Willie Mays rips a fastball into the seats of Candlestick Park for his 600th career home run, becoming the only man since Babe Ruth to hit that many. Mays made his major league debut in 1951 with the New York Giants and moved with the team to San Francisco in 1958. **Update** Mays was traded to the New York Mets in 1972. He retired from the lineup in 1975 with a total of 660 home runs and remained with the Mets as an assistant coach. He was named to the Hall of Fame in 1979 but was banned from baseball when he took a job as "ambassador" for an Atlantic City casino the following year. He was reinstated in 1985. Now 56, Mays lives in suburban San Francisco with his wife, Mae, and stays active on the golf course. "If you ask me what I'd really like to be doing," he wrote in *Say Hey*, his 1988 autobiography, "the answer is simple. All I ever wanted was to play baseball forever."



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

STORMY WEATHER

Aug. 17 Hurricane Camille, churning up 25-foot waves in the Gulf of Mexico, smashes into the Louisiana Delta and devastates more than 60 miles of coastline. A pilot reports: "It looks like you had taken a bulldozer and scraped it flat." The strongest hurricane to strike the U.S. since 1935, Camille causes an estimated $1 billion in damage. After more than a week of destruction through Mississippi, Tennessee and Virginia, Camille dies in the Atlantic, but not before killing more than 400.

Vietnam

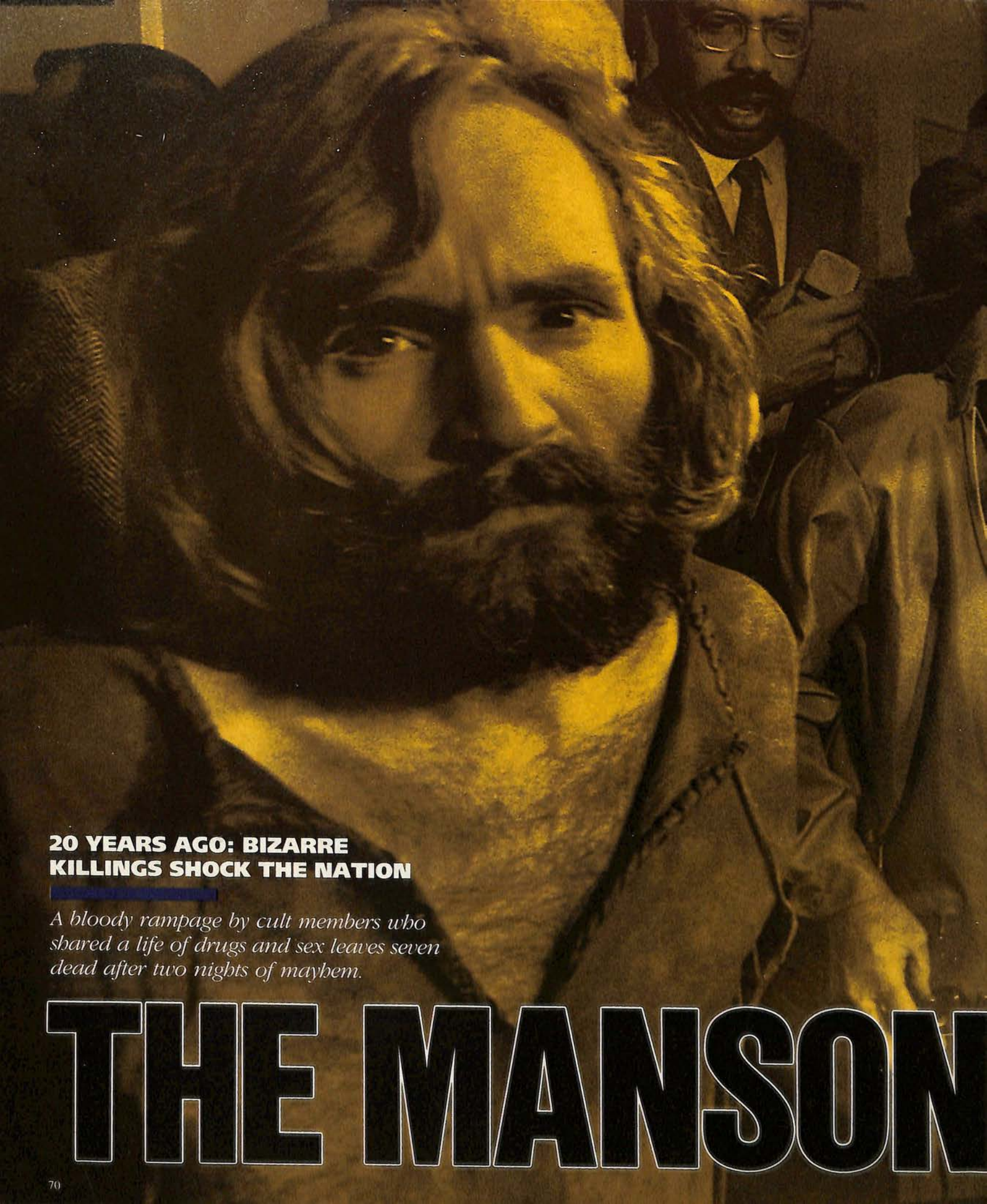
Aug. 12 Death toll skyrockets in South Vietnam, as 1,450 North Vietnamese and Vietcong and more than 90 Americans are reported killed in the heaviest fighting in three months . . . **Sept. 3** North Vietnam's leader, Ho Chi Minh, dies at 79. A collective group of the Vietnam Workers' Party and the Communist Party assumes leadership . . . **Sept. 16** President Nixon announces his decision to withdraw 35,000 more troops from South Vietnam . . . **Sept. 19** Nixon cuts draft call by 50,000 for next year.

At Home

Aug. 18 President Nixon nominates Judge Clement Haynsworth Jr. to the Supreme Court seat vacated by Abe Fortas . . . **Aug. 21** Bernadette Devlin, a Catholic civil rights activist from Northern Ireland and member of the British House of Commons, arrives in the U.S. to raise $1 million for the more than 500 Catholics made homeless during the worst rioting in Northern Ireland in 30 years . . . **Sept. 24** The Chicago 7, radicals charged with inciting a riot at the 1968 Democratic Convention, go on trial in Chicago.

That's Entertainment

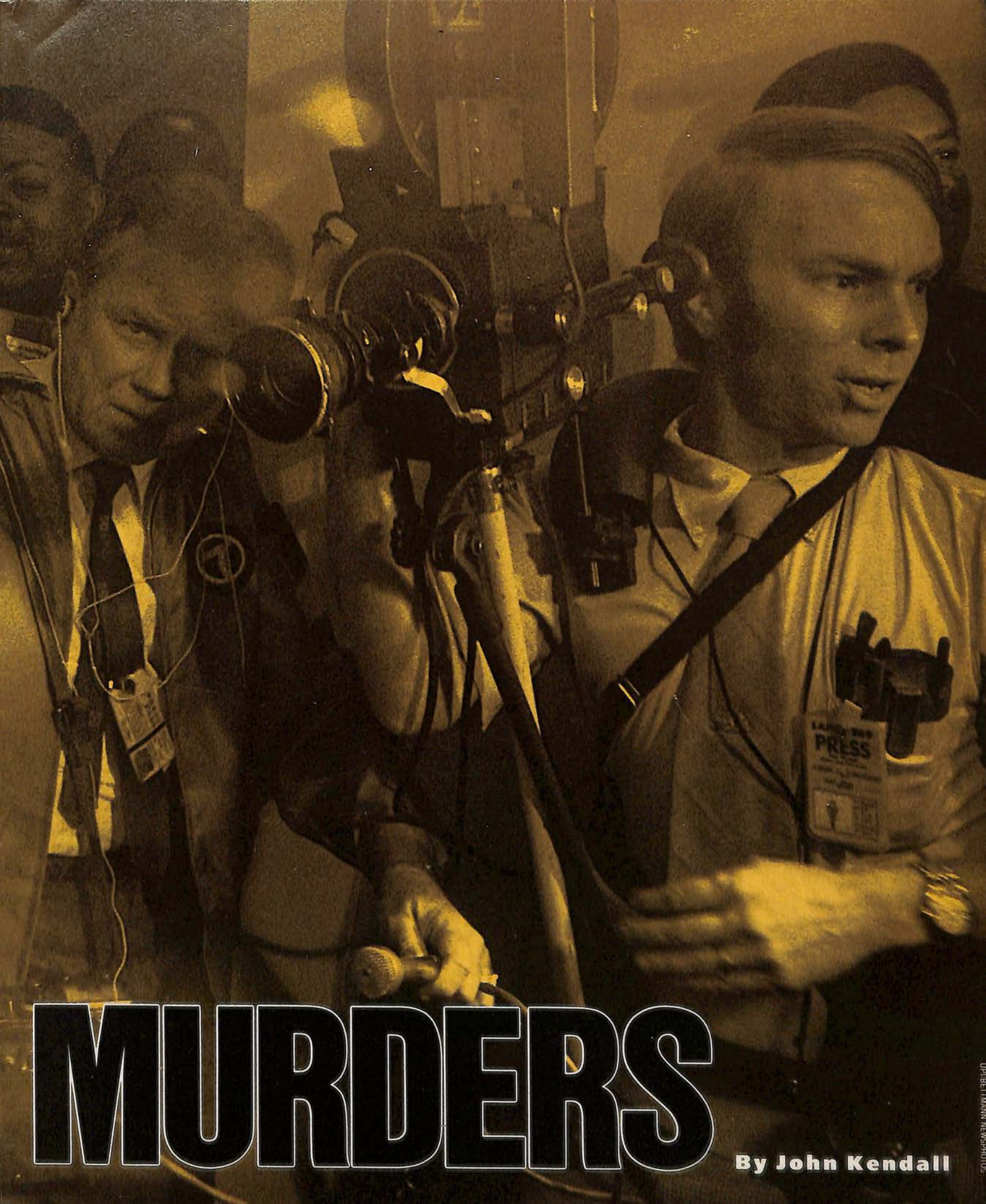
Records Number one in August: "Honky Tonk Women" by the Rolling Stones. In September: "Sugar, Sugar" by the Archies. **Movies** *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* stars Paul Newman and Robert Redford. Also playing: *Alice's Restaurant* with Arlo Guthrie, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Goodbye, Columbus* and the racy *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*. **Books** Best sellers include Alex Hailey's *Airport*, Mario Puzo's *The Godfather*, Eldridge Cleaver's *Soul on Ice* and Philip Roth's *Portnoy's Complaint*.



20 YEARS AGO: BIZARRE KILLINGS SHOCK THE NATION

A bloody rampage by cult members who shared a life of drugs and sex leaves seven dead after two nights of mayhem.

THE MANSON

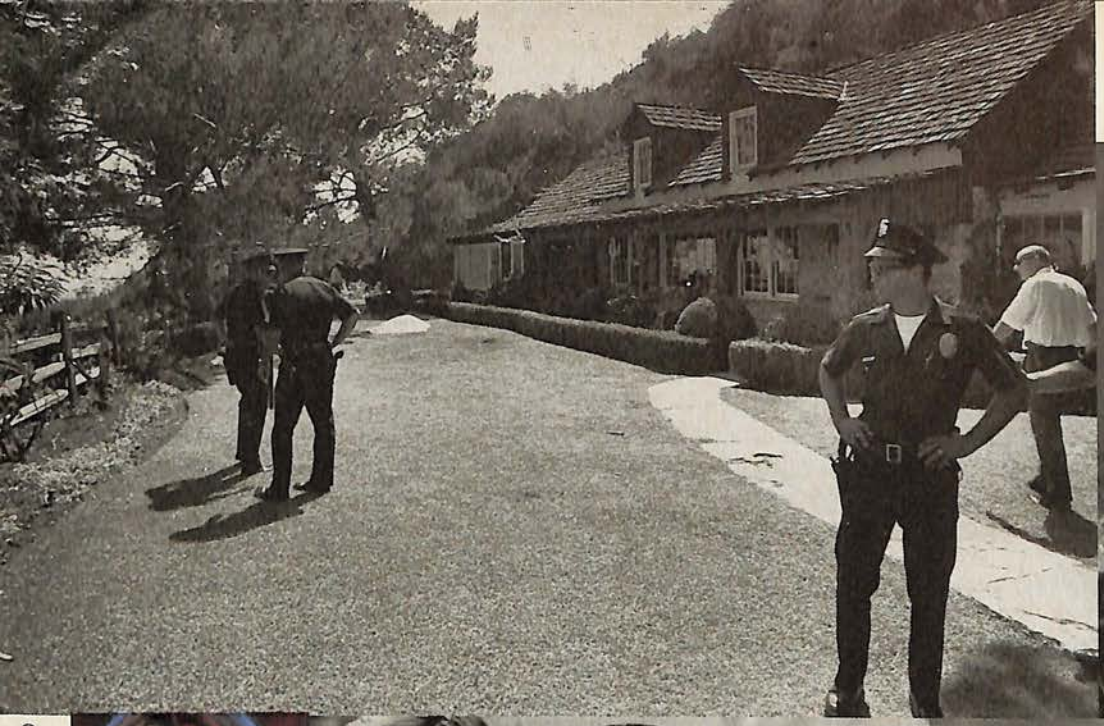


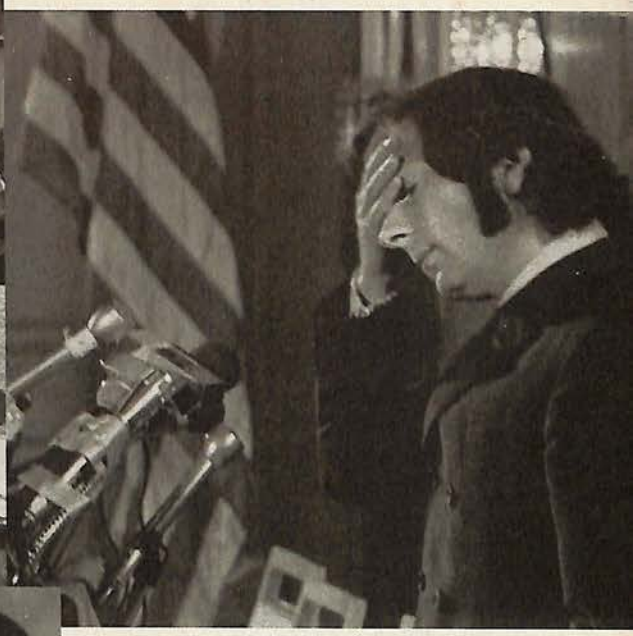
MURDERS

By John Kendall

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS







UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS (3)


Tate


Sebring


Folger


Frykowski


Parent

PICTORIAL PARADE

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS (4)

The scene of the crime: Far left, the body of actress Sharon Tate, 8½ months pregnant, is wheeled out of the rented Hollywood Hills estate she shared with her husband, film director Roman Polanski. Sobbing through an emotional meeting with the press the following week, Polanski (above) shed no new light on a possible motive for the brutal slayings.

During the muggy Southern California night of Aug. 8, 1969, five people were murdered in the Hollywood Hills mansion that actress Sharon Tate shared with her husband, film director Roman Polanski. Tate, 27, who began her acting career on the television series *The Beverly Hillbillies*, was 8½ months pregnant when she died. The other victims were coffee heiress Abigail (Gibby) Folger, 26; her lover, Polish playboy Wojceich (Voityck) Frykowski, 37; hair stylist Jay Sebring, 37, and Steven Parent, 18, a hapless bystander who was a friend of the mansion's caretaker.

All died in an orgy of violence. Tate was stabbed 16 times, Folger and Frykowski several dozen times each. Sebring was shot and stabbed. The killers shot Parent in the driveway outside the house. They wrote ''Pig'' on the front door in the actress's blood.

Investigators were still sorting through the murder scene when, the following night, Leno LaBianca, 44, a grocery chain executive, and his wife, Rosemary, 38, met a similar fate in their home a few miles away. The killers wrote ''Death to Pigs'' on walls and ''Healter Skelter'' [sic] on the refrigerator in Leno LaBianca's blood. Then they showered at the house and fixed themselves something to eat.

While the city buzzed with ever-wilder theories about the crimes, it took homicide detectives more than three months to link them to Charles Manson, 35, and a score of young men and women living with him at a ramshackle ranch a few miles from the murder scenes. Reporters from all over the world attended the press conference called by the Los Angeles Police Department on Dec. 1, 1969, to announce that three arrest warrants had been issued in the case. A week later, a grand jury indicted Manson; Susan Atkins, 21; Patricia Krenwinkel, 22; Leslie Van Houten, 20; Linda Kasabian, 20, and Charles (Tex) Watson, 24. Manson was arrested on Dec. 9 in Independence, Calif., a small town 200 miles northeast of Los Angeles. The next day Atkins, Van Houten and Kasabian were brought before a judge in Los Angeles. Soon afterwards, Krenwinkel was extradited from Alabama. Watson successfully delayed his extradition from Texas and was tried separately.

The police had been led to Manson by Atkins, who had been arrested in the earlier robbery-murder of musician Gary Hinman. Atkins had told a fellow inmate about the Tate and LaBianca murders in early November 1969. After the inmate went to the authorities, Atkins agreed to trade information for immunity. She said that she, Van Houten, Krenwinkel, Watson and Kasabian had committed the Tate killings at the direction of Manson, and that he himself had tied up the LaBiancas before sending Watson, Krenwinkel and Van Houten in to kill them. Atkins later recanted her confession, pleaded not guilty and prepared to stand trial with the others.

On June 15, 1970, prospective jurors filed into a high-ceilinged, eighth-floor courtroom in the Los Angeles County Hall of Justice. The 12 regular jurors and six

alternates chosen in nearly five weeks of questioning would live for nine and a half months in a hotel, under guard, sequestered from press accounts of one of the most sensational murder trials of the century, a trial I covered for the *Los Angeles Times*.

In his opening statement, Chief Prosecutor Vincent T. Bugliosi called the killings "the most savage, nightmarish murders in the annals of crime." The motive he then presented was also one-of-a-kind. He said that Charles Manson expected his random butchery to start a race war between blacks and whites.

Bugliosi portrayed Manson, who had spent 17 years in correctional institutions for auto theft, forgery and other offenses, as a frustrated guitar player, vagrant, pseudo-philosopher and megalomaniac, who combined delusions of grandeur and a thirst for power with an obsession about violent death. Manson's plan, the prosecutor said, had been to blame the Tate-LaBianca murders on blacks. In the ensuing race war, Manson and his followers would flee to Death Valley, where they would live until victorious blacks realized they needed experienced leadership. Then Manson would return in triumph to rule.

Several prosecution witnesses, including unindicted "family" members and others who had talked to Manson about his "philosophy," testified that Manson's belief in a coming race war came from his interpretation of lyrics in the Beatles song "Helter Skelter." They said Manson taught them that all people are a mixture of God, Jesus Christ and the devil, that there is no distinction between right and wrong or good and evil, and therefore no barriers to any actions he decreed. One witness, Lynette (Squeaky) Fromme, who would later be sent to prison for her 1975 attempt to shoot President Gerald Ford, described life in the commune as a "magical mystery tour" of guilt-free sex and nude sunbathing.

But according to others, life with Manson wasn't all idylls and ultraviolet. Members lived on food collected from supermarket trash cans. Manson handed out LSD, orchestrated group sex, sent members on missions to steal and used his "girls" to recruit male members.

Throughout the trial, Manson repeatedly sought to dismiss his attorney and to represent himself and his followers; denied his wish, he became obstreperous. At one point, early on, he leaped over a counsel table and tried to attack Superior Court Judge Charles H. Older with a pencil. While jurors and startled spectators gasped, a 6-foot 2-inch bailiff landed on Manson's back, pinning the 140-pound defendant to the floor. "In the name of Christian justice, someone should cut your head off," the struggling Manson cried as deputies grabbed him by the arms and propelled him from the room.

Not long after, President Richard Nixon told a reporter that Manson was "guilty directly or indirectly." Older took steps to keep the jurors from seeing newspaper headlines. But the next day, Manson grabbed a *Los Angeles Times* from a counsel table and flashed its banner headline—MANSON GUILTY, NIXON DECLARES—at the jury box. After questioning the jurors, Older decided that a mistrial would not have to be declared. But he cited for contempt of court the defense attorney who had brought the paper into the courtroom.

In exchange for immunity, Linda Kasabian became the prosecution's star witness. (Though present at the Tate murders, Kasabian insisted that she had not participated.) Over 19 days, the soft-spoken witness spelled out the murders in chilling detail. Unlike Manson and the other defendants, she appeared to me to be profoundly sorry for what had happened.

The emotional climax of the trial was reached when Atkins's former jailmate, Virginia Graham Castro, 37, testified about the statements Atkins had made to her. "She said that she was holding Sharon Tate's arms behind her," Graham told a hushed courtroom, "and that Sharon Tate looked at her and she said she was crying and she said to her, 'Please, please don't kill me, I don't want to die. I just want to have my baby.' " According to Castro, Atkins told her that she'd looked Tate straight in the eye and said to her, "Look, bitch, you might as well face it right now, you're going to die, and I don't feel a thing about it."

No matter how shocking the testimony, the defendants appeared unconcerned. Manson played eye games with the young women, who whispered and giggled among themselves. When Manson showed up in court with an "X" scratched on his forehead (to signify that he had crossed himself out of the trial), his three co-defendants followed his example. When Manson sang, chanted or defied the judge, they invariably joined in, until bailiffs removed them from the courtroom.

In 14 weeks of testimony, the prosecution called more than 80 witnesses and introduced nearly 300 exhibits, including the bloodstained clothing worn by the killers and weapons used in the murders. Although the four defense lawyers were expected to call as many as 40 witnesses in a coordinated defense, on the 73d day of the trial they startled the courtroom by resting their case without calling a single one. In private, they informed Older that the three female defendants, acting against the advice of counsel, wanted to take the witness stand and confess to murder in an apparent effort to spare Manson. If they did, the attorneys told the judge, the attorneys would not question the women; to do so would almost certainly incriminate them.

Older, charged with protecting the defendants' rights both to testify and to be represented by effective counsel, resolved the judicial dilemma by ruling that the defendants must first testify in the jury's absence to determine if what they would

Manson often disrupted the trial, once flashing the headline below to the jury.



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS (2)

CURT GUNTHER INSET



Susan Atkins, Patricia Krenwinkel and Leslie Van Houten (from left) confessed to the murders during the trial's penalty phase. Insets: Tex Watson, who was tried separately, and Linda Kasabian, the State's star witness.

say would be admissible. To the courtroom's surprise, after Atkins, Van Houten and Krenwinkel rejected the judge's terms, Manson accepted them.

Taking the witness stand, he wove his opinions about morality, Vietnam, President Nixon, LSD, prosecution witnesses and some of the items of physical evidence into a rambling, often incoherent discourse that lasted more than an hour. "These children that come at you with knives, they are your children," he said. "You taught them. I didn't teach them. I just tried to help them stand up. Most of the people at the ranch that you call the 'family' were just people that you did not want, people that were alongside the road, that their parents had kicked them out or they did not want to go to juvenile hall. So I did the best I could, and I took them up to my garbage dump. I told them this: that in love there is no wrong. . . .

"I have killed no one and I have ordered no one to be killed. I may have implied that I may have been Jesus Christ, but I haven't decided yet what I am and who I am . . . . As we have tin cans and garbage alongside the road, and oil slicks in the water, so you have people, and I am one of your garbage people."

When he had finished, Manson refused to answer any questions in the presence of the jury. As he walked past his co-defendants, he told them that they did not have to testify either.

None of the women took the stand. On Jan. 25, 1971, all four defendants were convicted of first-degree murder.

But when the trial moved to the penalty phase, Atkins, Van Houten and Krenwinkel willingly confessed to the murders; Manson, each insisted, had nothing to do with them. They accused Linda Kasabian, the State's star witness, of carrying out the killings, with their help. Her motive, they said, was to mimic the killing of musician Hinman as a means of casting suspicion away from another Manson member who had been arrested in the Hinman case.

Her defense attorney asked Atkins if she had "any feeling toward any of these people."

"I didn't know them," Atkins said. "How could I have felt any emotion without knowing them? I just loved them. I felt no hatred. I felt no malice. I was at the height of my love."

Then the attorney asked her if she had



STEVE FENN/COURTESY OF *A CURRENT AFFAIR*

" 'I'm sorry' doesn't come close to it," says Kasabian, who was granted immunity.

any sense of remorse for the killings.

"Remorse?" Atkins replied. "For doing what was right for me?"

After deliberating about 10 hours, the jurors sentenced Manson and his three co-defendants to death. (This was changed to life imprisonment after the California Supreme Court ruled capital punishment unconstitutional, in 1972; the killers were not affected by California's reinstatement of the death penalty in 1978.)

Since their conviction Manson, Atkins, Krenwinkel, Van Houten and Tex Watson (convicted in a separate trial) have each sought release many times, without success. Manson appeared at one parole hearing wearing a white T-shirt with a skull and crossbones on it and told board members he wanted to be free with spiders and snakes in Death Valley.

"I don't think any board in its right mind will ever let Manson out," says Stephen R. Kay, a Los Angeles County Deputy District Attorney and co-prosecutor in the Manson case. Kay has made a personal crusade out of opposing the release of any of the five and thinks that only Leslie Van Houten has a chance to win release, but he doubts she will do so before the turn of the century.

Paul Fitzgerald, an attorney who represented Patricia Krenwinkel, agrees with Kay about Manson. "They will never release him," he says. "It would become a symbol of political incompetence if they did. Furthermore, I don't think Manson gives a damn. He'd have to modify his behavior, and he's not going to do that. He enjoys his role as this sort of dark-side character."

Linda Kasabian, the witness for the prosecution, is now a mother of four who lives quietly under a new name. Last year, appearing on the television program *A Current Affair*, Kasabian recalled coming to the conclusion, shortly after the murders, "that Charlie was definitely the devil. He was not this wonderful man I was led to believe."

She was asked what she would say to Sharon Tate's friends and relatives today.

"Just that I'm real sorry. 'I'm sorry' doesn't come close to it."

Doris Tate, Sharon's mother, has devoted herself to preventing the parole of her daughter's killers. She particularly resents the fact that both Watson and Atkins, who was married while in prison, enjoy conjugal visits with their respective spouses and that Watson has fathered two children. "They are treated and housed better than our elderly," Tate said on *A Current Affair*.

Chief Prosecutor Bugliosi, who wrote the best-selling *Helter Skelter* (1974) about the murders, believes the horrifying event has found a permanent place in the public consciousness, not unlike the assassination of John F. Kennedy. Now in private practice, Bugliosi thinks that the event was correctly viewed at the time as a "fearful extension" of 60's morality, with "all the drugs and sexual looseness and all that."

Were the Manson murders the all-but-inevitable conclusion to a decade marked by assassinations, riots, war, protests, and challenge after challenge to the status quo? Did they somehow grow out of the loosening of social restraints that found expression in everything from attire to drugs, from bizarre sexual practices to crime?

We will never know for sure. But Judge Older, now 71 and retired, sees the Manson murders as the "unfortunate coming together of social problems and a group of people without any direction," a mixture that Manson was able, horribly, to channel to his own warped ends. Older says that "Manson's philosophy—'There is no wrong, and whatever we do is right'—made the murders possible. I think the whole thing was definitely a product of the times." ■

JOHN KENDALL *has been a* Los Angeles Times *reporter for 25 years.*



NEIL LEIFER/CAMERA 5

Officials say it is unlikely that Manson will ever see freedom.

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20 YEARS AGO:
GOOD VIBRATIONS ASTONISH AMERICA

At first a muddy mess, Woodstock turned into a phenomenon that helped define a generation.

Talking 'Bout My



ELLIOTT LANDY



Generation

By B.J. Phillips

AFTERWARDS, A LOT OF people tried to say they knew it all along. But the truth is that no one had any idea what lay in store at the three-day "music and art fair" of August 1969. No one knew then what Woodstock would become. Perhaps it was precisely that ignorance that enabled a generation to discover itself—or at least to find a sense of what it wanted to be—over the course of a long weekend in the pastures of Max Yasgur's upstate New York dairy farm.

After the sixth friend from college called from California or Atlanta or Chicago to ask if I was going down to Yasgur's to join the rock-and-roll bands, it was clear that there was a story in the making. With my finger firmly on the pulse of American youth, I persuaded my editors at the *Washington Post* that 50,000—who knows, possibly 75,000—kids might show up. I thereby joined the many who miscalculated by several hundred thousand Woodstock's quantifiable dimensions, company that included the promoters (who originally expected an audience one-tenth its final size), the police, the performers, and just about everybody who made the trek to the Catskills.


HENRY DILTZ

Michael Lang, here 25, was one of the original promoters of the Woodstock festival. He vowed to make a million before turning 30, and did.

"*You* were there?" a friend asked, five years after the concert. "God, I wish I had been. I was in 'Nam—Quang Tri. We heard about it on Armed Forces Radio. We turned the volume all the way up and pretended. It was great. They usually played a lot more country-and-western on Armed Forces Radio than Jefferson Airplane."

While half of us were singing "Got a revolution," the other half was listening to Loretta Lynn and Merle Haggard. Later, we found out that the soldiers were smoking more dope than the hippies, but at that point no one had a clear view of the entire generation. The Chicago Seven and Mayor Richard Daley had tried to define it, but each had seen it in curved mirrors. Then the great accident that became Woodstock happened, and, after that, young people from Quang Tri to Yasgur's farm had a better idea of who they were.

Societies have always talked about "the younger generation." Fretting over youth is, after all, as much the responsibility as the avocation of the old. Still, this generation *was* different, cleaved by the war in Vietnam, a division that all the belated parades and the brooding memorial in Washington have yet to heal.

There was symmetry in the numbers. The New York State Police estimated more than 400,000 young people made it to Woodstock, with two million more stranded on the highways leading to it. The Department of Defense reports that the number of Americans who served in Vietnam totaled 2.5 million. In a sense, the Woodstock Generation was split between "3 Days of Peace & Music" and a one-year hitch in hell.

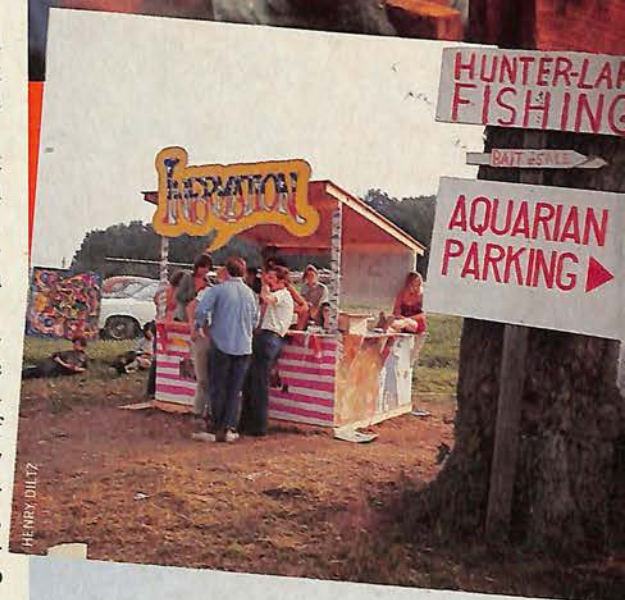
The beginnings of Woodstock were decidedly modest and, considering the pompous analyses that followed, downright loony. A couple of friends who shared a New York apartment, John Roberts and Joel Rosenman, had dreamed up a TV sitcom about roommates who get involved in crazy business deals. An agent liked it; a network requested sample plots. Since neither partner had had much business experience, they decided to gather material by placing a classified ad in the *Wall Street Journal*: "Young man with unlimited capital seeks interesting and legitimate business propositions."

A deluge of plot possibilities followed, most involving odd inventions. Roberts was, in fact, a young man of almost unlimited means, the heir to the Block Drug fortune, and he and Rosenman followed up on a few of the more serious propositions. Though they later abandoned those ideas—as well as the sitcom—the experience whetted their appetite for business, and they decided to establish a recording studio in Manhattan.

Shortly after Mediasound opened, a friend introduced Roberts and Rosenman to Michael Lang and Artie Kornfeld, rock-and-roll business veterans who wanted to build a recording studio in upstate New York. Lang felt the ideal site for the studio would be his hometown, Woodstock, N.Y., which already boasted at least one rock icon, Bob Dylan. The four men joined forces and persuaded themselves

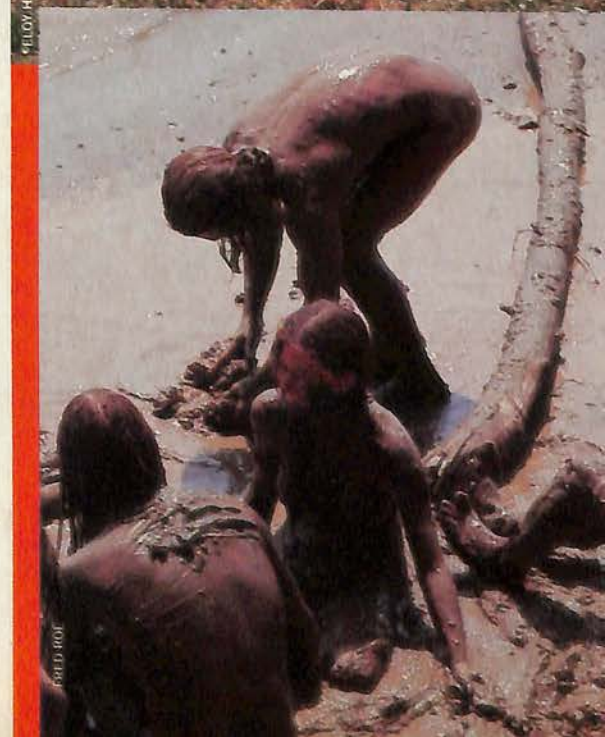
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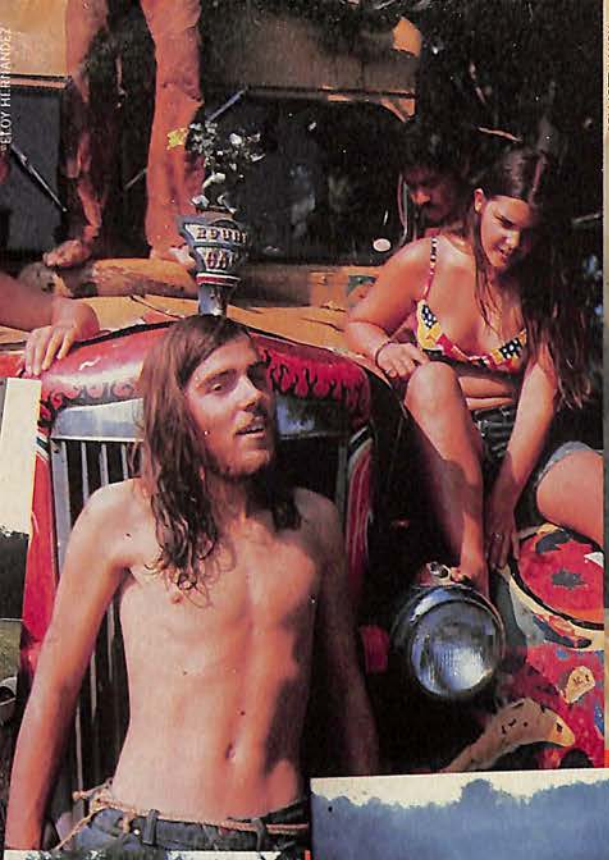

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HENRY DILTZ


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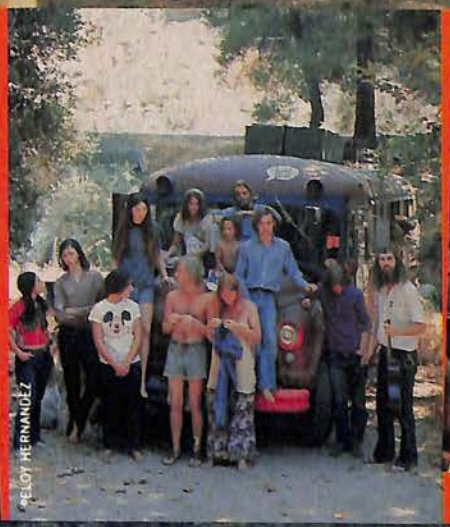
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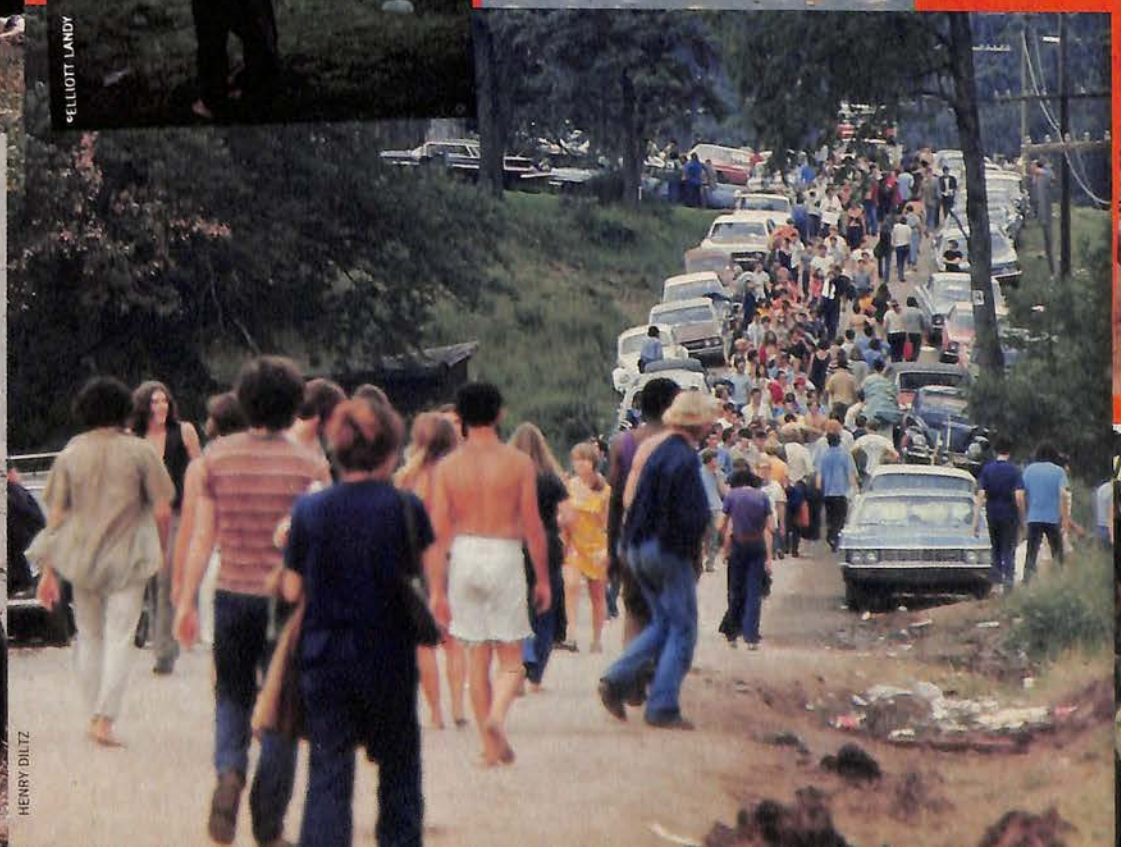
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APWIDE WORLD PHOTOS



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Faces in the Crowd

By Robert Crum

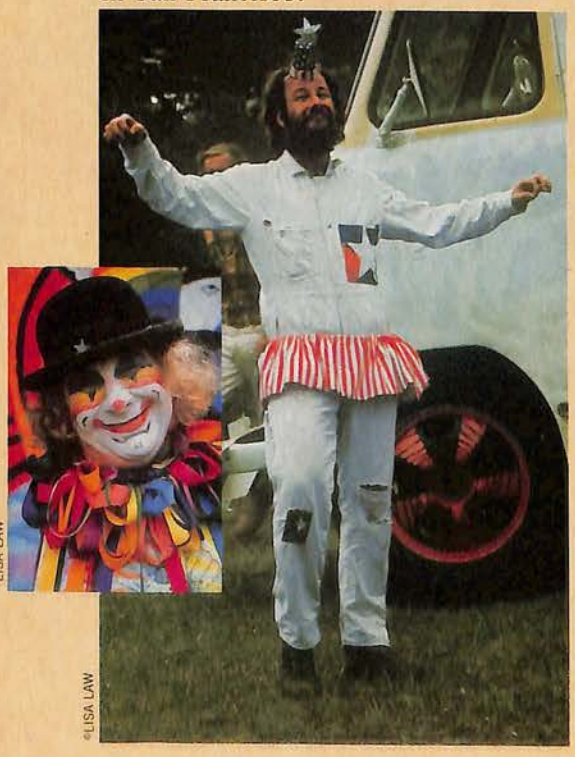
Wavy Gravy

It was Wavy Gravy's mastery of free-form celebrations that led the Woodstock producers to ask him and his Hog Farm commune to oversee the festivities. After all, the Hog Farmers had spent five years driving around the country in buses, spreading the psychedelic gospel via solstice celebrations and circus acts.

Reporters apparently thought they had been hired for security. "What will you use for weapons?" one asked. "Seltzer bottles and cream pies," Gravy said.

Gravy's chief responsibility at Woodstock was "helping kids that were too blown away by what they had ingested." His insistence that the same kids who had just been talked down from bad trips help those being carried into the first-aid tent is credited with keeping the lid on.

Today Gravy, 53, is still helping people on bad trips of one kind or another. At the Hog Farmers' Camp Winnarainbow (part theater and mime school, part teepee factory, part summer camp) north of San Francisco, 30 percent of the kids are abused children who come to the camp at no charge. Gravy also performs comedy at the Children's Cancer Research Institute in San Francisco.



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Lorraine Antoniello



"It was the best weekend of my life, next to getting married," says Lorraine Antoniello, 39, vice president of an advertising information company in New York City. "I wasn't a total hippie, but I believed in flower power and peace and love and being good to your fellow man. We got our tickets at Bloomingdale's."

Antoniello, who traveled to the concert with some friends, had arranged to meet others there. "We were supposed to look for their green tent. Well, we got over the rise of the hill, and there before us were half a million people and about 4,000 green tents. We never found our friends.

"The next morning we went to someone's house and asked if we could shower. Not only did they let us shower, they gave us orange juice, too. We went back every day. Very friendly folks. Nowadays, when I tell people how good a time I had at Woodstock, they look at me like I shouldn't be saying that. I mean, I'm about to turn 40 and I'm an executive and all that. But I can't pretend it didn't happen."



Bill and Beth Watson



JAN KNUDSON

High school sweethearts Bill Watson and Beth Knudson prepared for Woodstock in the best scouting tradition, bringing their own water, tent, food and water-purifying tablets. "And it's a good thing we did," says Bill, "because the organizers clearly weren't prepared for that many people." Bill remembers being appalled by the lack of sanitary facilities and thinks it lucky there wasn't an outbreak of cholera. Though he considers Woodstock a high point in his life, he was also fascinated by the incongruous elements, "like the pervasive smell of urine," he notes, "or the enormous technology hidden in the trees—all the power packs and speakers."

"And the helicopters," adds Beth. "They seemed to be everywhere. Someone dropped a bale of hot dogs from one of them. I didn't think hippies ate hot dogs, but they dove for them."

What did they learn from Woodstock? "It discouraged a desire I had then to cast myself to the wind and see where I went," says Bill, who is now an engineer. "I became much more determined in my life after Woodstock, because I saw how close we were to chaos."

"We went mostly for the music, not so much for the 'scene,' " says Beth, who is now a painter. They were married four years after the festival.



PETER WATSON

David Carlson

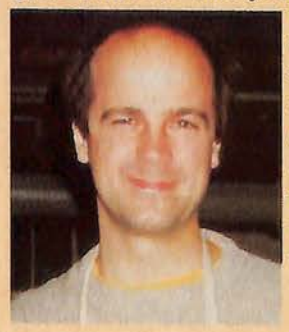


David Carlson, 38, spent most of his time at Woodstock about 150 feet from the stage. When the press of people became too great, he got up to walk around, only to find the crowds just as dense everywhere else. In one area, he remembers, people were dancing in the mud; in another, a person on a bad LSD trip was being comforted. Helicopters were continually passing overhead, shuttling performers to the stage and ferrying the press. One helicopter dropped a load of flowers.

Carlson had just finished his freshman year at Harvard, and though he didn't consider himself a political activist, the events of that year—the Harvard student strike, the Presidential election, Woodstock—caused him to re-evaluate many of his ideas.

"I wouldn't say that Woodstock changed my life," he says today. "It opened up the opportunity for me to do so if I wanted, but there wasn't a message to change your life per se. Mostly it was an overwhelming feeling of companionship."

After college, Carlson was a stained-glass artist for nine years before going back to Harvard to earn a degree from the Graduate School of Design. He is now an architect with the Boston Redevelopment Authority.

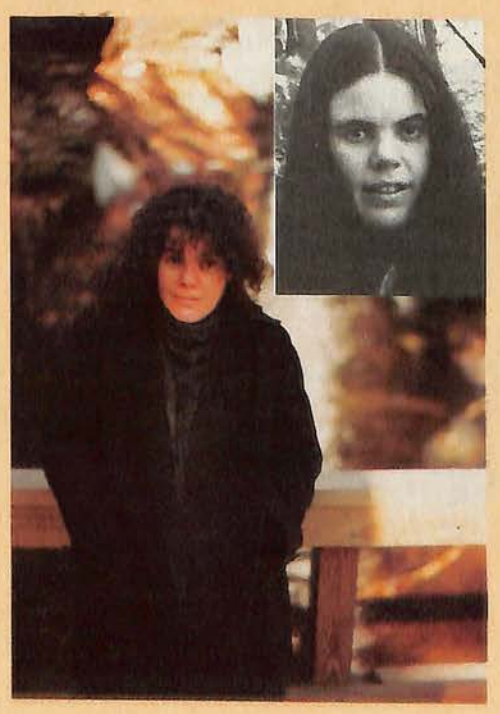


Sheila Murray-Gewertz

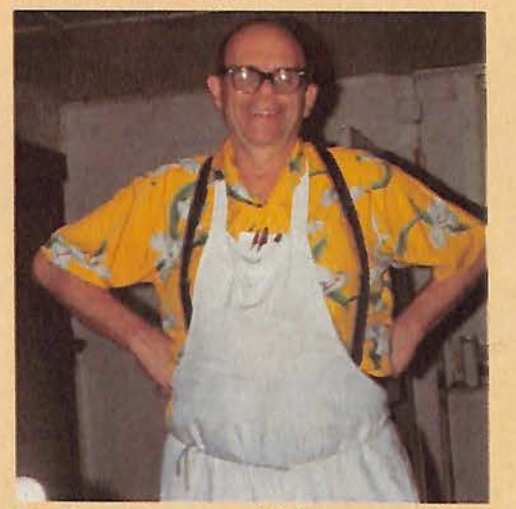
Sheila Murray-Gewertz, 38, who had just graduated from high school and was working that summer in a Boston department store, is ambivalent about her Woodstock experience. "I don't know whether it was my Irish Catholic upbringing, but it was the first time I had seen not only public nudity, but people fornicating—they seemed to be doing it everywhere—and I was sort of horrified and fascinated at the same time. So when a guy would suddenly slip up and put his arm around you—one even started braiding my hair—I began to have some serious doubts about all the familiarity there."

Wearing jeans, construction boots, a shirt with mirrors embroidered into it, and huge hoop bracelets, Murray-Gewertz mostly listened to the music. "But I had a problem here, too," she says, "because this was my first concert, and I guess I expected the groups to be as clear and tight as they were on albums. And they couldn't be. But I was impressed by Sly and the Family Stone, and Janis Joplin—I'll never forget the power of her voice."

Now a freelance writer, Murray-Gewertz is contemplating a return to school to earn a graduate degree in sociology. She is reminded of Woodstock, she says, whenever she gets stuck in big crowds.



Arthur Vassmer





"Like most of the people in town," says Arthur Vassmer, 63, who co-owns and operates the general store in Bethel, N.Y., just as he did 20 years ago, "I saw that mass of humanity pouring in on Thursday and thought, 'Oh my god, what's going to happen to us?' But everybody turned out to be real congenial, and so were we. We even cashed checks that weekend—some from Texas, Washington, Oregon—and you know, not one bounced. They mostly bought soda, beer, potato chips, cookies, some bread, and lots of peanut butter and jelly. If it ever happened again, I'd stock up with 10 or 15 cases of peanut butter."

Would Vassmer like to see another Woodstock? "Sure, but I don't think it'll ever happen. It's a different world now. And you can bet the town wouldn't allow it, either. Some folks remember it fondly, but others say, 'We don't want *that* again.' It was the amount of trash—it took a few weeks to clear it all—that bothered folks the most.

"In the spring people still come through to see the place, and now and then someone asks for my autograph. I was in the movie, you see, standing in front of the store—called myself the 'bald-headed hippie.' " ■

ROBERT CRUM *is a poet and journalist who writes for* Harvard Magazine, Wilderness *and other periodicals.*



continued from page 80

that Dylan and other local artists would love to work close to home and, better yet, would happily promote the studio.

The group decided the best way to finance the rural studio would be to stage a festival featuring the famous locals (in the end, Dylan didn't appear). Logical, simple and, if they'd still been looking for plots, good sitcom material. That may have been the last logical or simple moment in the entire Woodstock saga.

Planning began for a nice little gathering. "We signed Sly and the Family Stone first," says Roberts, "and that opened the floodgates." Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin; The Who; Jefferson Airplane; Richie Havens; Joe Cocker; Crosby, Stills & Nash (who added Young on the spot); The Grateful Dead; Blood, Sweat, and Tears; Bread, and many others followed.

As the list of stars grew, so did the problems. The citizens of Woodstock, N.Y., felt it was one thing to have Bob Dylan living in their midst, another to have a festival of long-haired, dope-smoking hippies in their town. The festival site was switched early in the planning process to Walkill, N.Y., but grass-roots pressure by local citizens forced the zoning board to withdraw its initial approval, just five weeks before the festival date. A frantic search for a new venue finally landed the event in nearby White Lake, where Max Yasgur, an influential dairy farmer, offered his 600-acre pasture to the promoters. "We were trying very hard to be responsible," says Roberts. "*And* we moved in with so much clout and so much money so fast that the town didn't have enough time to organize against us."

Publicity about the concert was largely confined to radio advertisements, but word spread quickly. "We struck a chord somewhere," reflects Roberts. "We put out the word that Woodstock was the place to be." Fueled by increasingly alarmist press reports about ever greater numbers of concertgoers flooding the site, the hordes began arriving Wednesday and kept on coming. By Friday night, the festival grounds were overflowing. To discourage any more people from showing up, the state police closed five access roads to the area for 20 miles around; radio broadcasts implored people to stay away. At the request of the police, the Short Line Bus Company, which offered the only bus service to the festival from New York City, canceled all buses to Bethel.

Friday dawned to overcast skies and a threat of rain. To loud cheers, hourly updates on the size of the crowd were announced from the stage. Tickets turned out to be unnecessary; there simply hadn't been time to set up gates or a system for admittance.

At least I had had the foresight to arrive several days before the festival began, which meant I was one of few reporters to stay dry, with a comfortable motel room in town. I was also one of the few to see the attitudes of the townspeople change from scorn to respect for the kids, from selling water by the glass on Friday to taking them into their homes for breakfast on Monday. Going back and forth to report and file my stories to the paper, I was able to convince passing motorcyclists—carefully selected from the sometimes menacing parade—to give me a ride in exchange for guidance along the cow paths to and from the site.

For most, the three days were physically miserable. The weather was too hot, except when it rained too hard. The mud was the thickest since the trench warfare of World War I. Food was in short supply, and shelter was even scarcer. There were enough bad LSD trips to fill a psychiatric ward, and in the end, with National Guard helicopters ferrying out the sick, the scene resembled nothing so much as a war zone. When helicopter rotors flattened the green grass that had once fattened Max Yasgur's cattle, the field next to the hospital tent looked like a Vietnamese rice paddy. The harried medics dashing in and out with litters could themselves have come from Quang Tri.

It was also the most amazing collection of rock-and-roll performances ever assembled. Jimi Hendrix's sunrise version of "The Star-Spangled Banner" alone would have assured Woodstock its place in musical history. And that was only the beginning. Joel Rosenman remembers riding into the festival site on Sunday morning, Aug. 17, with a backpack full of cashier's checks for the performers. "I saw this seething carpet of humanity," he recalls. "Janis Joplin was on stage and the sound was terrific. I said to myself, 'God, what a moment! There'll be hell to pay next week, but this moment, this moment is *great*.' "

We looked around and knew that for this moment, we were together and we were different. The music poured out our discovery: Look at us, look at how *many* of us there are, see how we share, how we

BE HIP SURVIVE **** BULLETIN..... BE HIP SURVIVE.....BULLETIN.....






Welcome to Hip City, U.S.A. We are now the third largest city in New York, and like New York City basic services are breaking down. Gov. Rockefeller has declared us a disaster area. The situation now: limited food, a great scarcity of water, crowded but improving medical facilities, the N.Y. City press reports hiways will be clogged until Tuesday. Meanwhile everyone is cooperating and our spirits are good. With the mud, traffic and breakdowns we could be here several days.

The festival promoters have been overwhelmed by their own creation. They've created a great free festival, but we can't remain passive music consumers; we must take care of ourselves. Everything might seem groovy now, but think about tomorrow. Life could get hard. If you're hip to the facts below, pull together in the spirit of the Catskill Mountain guerrilla, and share—everything will be cool. We've had virtually no cops, and there's been no violence. We can take care of ourselves. Dig it!

****ACCESS** The hiways leading to the festival site are now blocked. Cars are being turned back in an effort to clear hiway 17B which is now reported moving slowly in both directions. It's suggested that people head west (right) on 17B to Rt. 52 and turn right towards Liberty and the Quickway.

****SANITATION** Please stay off the roads. Garbage trucks need clear rights-of-way to pick up trash. Either burn trash or dump it in bags along the road (use the heavy green bags). We must clear up our own areas or there will be a severe health hazard.

****MEDICAL** There are three medical stations. Minor stuff (cuts and bruises) can be taken care of at the South Station in the Hog Farm, or at the health trailer at the main intersection (behind the stage). A plane load of doctors has been airlifted from New York City. Medical supplies have been flown in and patients are being flown out every fifteen minutes. Serious injuries will be treated at the large red and white tent behind the information booth located at the west corner of the stage area. Drug freakouts will be tended by Hog Farm people (red armbands). Any trained medical personnel should report to the above medical centers. Many freakouts. Do not take any acid from strangers, and understand that taking strong dope may be a drag when your help is needed. Don't run naked in the hot sun for any period of time (do it in the shade). You're risking water loss and severe blisters. Cuts on bare feet getting quickly infected if not treated. People using chronic medications should report to medical centers for refills, but don't wait.

****WATER** Try to boil all drinking water or use prepared beverages. New mains are being readied. Black and white pipes are water pipes; don't walk on them, they break easily. The lake is now the main source of water. Swimming will fuck things up. Share and conserve all water.

****FOOD** Food is being airlifted into the festival grounds. Free food in the concession area; and the Hog Farm will continue to serve free meals in South camping area.

****HINTS** Organize your own camping area so that everyone will make it through uncomfortable times ahead. Figure out what you must do and the best ways to get it done.

COURTESY OF JAN KNUDSON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARON WOLMAN







**** BULLETIN.....



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR MEMORIES BY GEORGE LANGE

Guardians of a generation: Michael Lang, Lee Blumer, Joel Rosenman and John Roberts (left to right) are planning a Woodstock revival concert for the summer of 1990.

take care of one another. It was hard not to be affected by the gentle tolerance everywhere on display. We had our moment, and in it we discovered, and celebrated, a generation.

Rosenman and Roberts are still partners today, in a venture-capital firm. They sold the Woodstock name, film and album rights to Warner Communications Inc. in February 1970 to help pay the $1.5 million debt from that long weekend.

Plans by the original promoters for a Woodstock II reunion concert were shelved last April after a licensing dispute with Warner dragged on beyond the date when it would still be possible to mount a show equal in scale to the original. "We didn't want to rent a field, hang out a shingle and call it Woodstock II," says Roberts. "We're the guardians of this. It's our history and we have a covenant. We can't bastardize that." Roberts and Rosenman are currently planning a "21st birthday party" for Woodstock in the summer of 1990. Proceeds will go to the newly established Woodstock Festival Foundation, whose purpose, says Roberts, is to help "stop the horrible spread of drugs and preserve our environment."

Looking back, it is impossible to avoid the sadder truths that came after Woodstock. A flock of unsavory promoters, keen to capitalize on the feeling, soon got on the festival bandwagon. And any illusions that life was all peace and love were shattered a few months later at a Rolling Stones concert in Altamont, Calif., when a fan was beaten to death by Hell's Angels hired as security guards.

And one year later, the same National Guard that had supplied aid at Woodstock opened fire on demonstrators at Kent State University, killing four students. Antiwar demonstrations increased, bringing Vietnam—if not American troops—home. And there were other deaths: Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix, Jim Morrison.

In the fevered self-congratulations that followed Woodstock, a lot of us asserted that what we found on that farm would somehow shield us from such tragedies. But that was impossible, of course. Even when a generation has discovered itself, it must live out its time. Whether the Woodstock Generation has done that better than others is open to debate. We fueled, it may be argued, the antiwar, civil-rights and women's movements, and our eyes were opened to inequities and injustices. Eventually, some of us even began to learn tolerance for our other half, those who went to Vietnam instead of White Lake.

"What Woodstock was about was a good time," says Roberts today. "It was like finding a mirror that a whole generation could see itself in. We developed a sense of ourselves that weekend. I don't think you can say that anything was born at Woodstock, but some things were nurtured there. Mostly it was tolerance, tolerance for different races, for different sexual preferences, for life styles that weren't like your own. These attitudes are much more institutionalized in this society than they were 20 years ago. Woodstock didn't do it. But Woodstock did its bit." ■

B. J. PHILLIPS *is a London correspondent for* Institutional Investor.



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The sounds of silence have returned to Max Yasgur's cow pasture.

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Good Sports

By Delphine Taylor



FPG INTERNATIONAL



JAMES KNOWLES/PICTURE GROUP

In 1951, long before fiberglass poles forever changed the sport, **Bob Richards** became the first pole-vaulter to clear what was then considered an unassailable height: 15 feet. (Today the record stands at 19 feet 10½ inches.) Five years later, in Melbourne, Australia, he became the first (and still only) man to win the event in two consecutive Olympic Games. "Back then it was all muscle," Richards recalls. "Now it's more gymnastics than anything." An ordained minister in the Church of the Brethren who sometimes gave sermons while on the competition circuit, Richards became the first athlete to appear on the Wheaties cereal box, in 1956. Today, having left the ministry, Richards, 63, gives motivational speeches to corporate groups. He and his wife of 21 years, Joan, live on a ranch in northern Texas and are the parents of six. Their youngest child, Brandon, 22, holds the high school world record in his father's event: 18 feet 2 inches. Richards himself still competes in decathlons and the pole vault. "I can still clear 12 feet," he says. Of his weathered face, he adds: "Every one of these wrinkles I've earned."

As a quarterback for the Chicago Bears and the Baltimore Colts, and later as a place-kicker for the Houston Oilers and Oakland Raiders, **George Blanda**, 61, played professional football longer than any other player: 26 years (1949-1975). In that quarter-century plus, he scored more than 2,000 points, a record unlikely to be eclipsed any time soon. "It took an awful long time and an awful lot of playing," Blanda says, "but it was mostly being at the right place at the right time." He retired from football at age 49 but rejected coaching in favor of the motivational lecture circuit. "After being away almost every weekend for 26 years," he says, "I decided it was time to be home with the family," which includes Betty, his wife of 39 years, and his now-grown son and daughter. Today Blanda divides his time between homes in Chicago and Palm Springs, Calif., and competes in charity golf tournaments with other NFL alumni. "My handicap is 5," he says. "Not bad for an old-timer."



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS



STEPHEN DUNN/ALLSPORT USA



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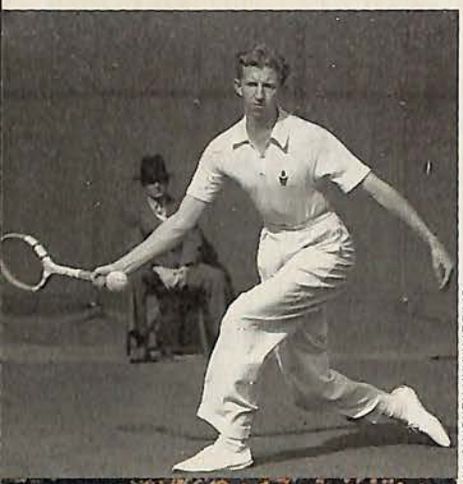
"If I hadn't won the decathlon, I'd probably be a doctor today," says **Bob Mathias**, 58, who abandoned his pre-med plans after winning the Olympic gold medal in London in 1948. At 17, he was the youngest ever to win that event at the Olympics. "I got tied up in sports and appearances and traveling all over, so I changed my major," he says. At Helsinki, four years later, he won his second decathlon gold medal. A year later, in 1953, Mathias graduated from Stanford with a degree in education and radio/television. He starred in the 1954 film *The Bob Mathias Story* and later appeared in *China Doll* with Victor Mature and *It Happened in Athens* opposite Jayne Mansfield. A 1959 television series, *Troubleshooters*, ran for one season. When the scripts stopped coming, Mathias started a summer camp in California's Sierra Madre mountains. In 1966, he was elected to Congress as a representative from the San Joaquin Valley area and served for four satisfying but emotionally grueling terms. "In sports, almost 100 percent of the population likes you," he says, "but in politics, if 51 percent of the people like you, you're in pretty good shape." Mathias and his second wife, Gwen, live in Fresno, Calif., with their daughter. He now heads the American Kids Sports Association, a non-profit organization that sponsors an international sports competition each year.

"There was a great deal of hostility and skepticism," says **Janet Guthrie**, the first and thus far only woman to compete in the Indianapolis 500 automobile race, in 1977. "The drivers had never driven against a woman, and they made it known that they didn't like it." Guthrie also competed at Indy in 1978 and 1979. Although mechanical problems forced her out of the race on her first and last tries, she finished ninth in 1978. Guthrie was drawn to auto racing after buying a Jaguar sports car in 1963 simply "because it was such a pretty thing." One thing led to another, and by 1977 she was named Top Rookie in the Daytona 500. "Everyone thought the idea [of a woman racing] was totally ludicrous, but I proved that it was not so," she says. In 1980 she retired from competition because, she explains, corporations were reluctant to underwrite her. She believes they simply felt "that women should not compete at the top levels of the sport." Guthrie, 51, lives with her airline-pilot husband in Aspen, Colo. Between giving speeches to sales and women's groups, she is working on her autobiography. Writing, she confides, "is an extremely slow process. A lot slower than I'm used to."

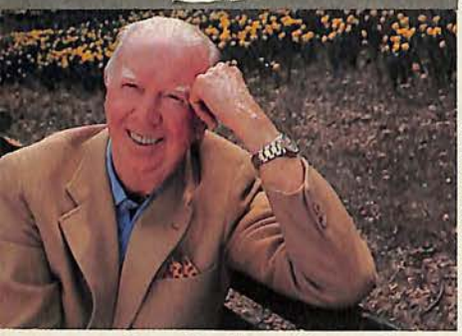


JEFFREY AARONSON

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?



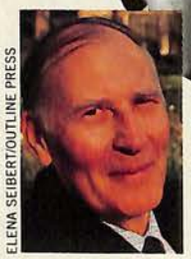
UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS



ELENA SEIBERT/OUTLINE PRESS

Don Budge, 74, recently celebrated the 50th anniversary of his winning the first Grand Slam in tennis—the U.S., French, British and Australian men's singles titles—in 1938. The previous year he had defeated Germany's Baron Gottfried von Cramm at Wimbledon. "Some say that was the best tennis match ever," says Budge, who remembers that Hitler telephoned von Cramm before the match to urge him to do his best. "With Jesse Owens winning at the Olympics and Joe Louis beating Max Schmelling," says Budge, "Hitler wanted von Cramm to bring some credit back to Germany. But it just was not to be." As an Air Force officer during World War II, Budge suffered a training injury that would later hurt his tennis career. He retired from the pro circuit in 1954 but continued to endorse tennis gear while operating a tennis-court construction company and a laundry service. Budge now lives with his wife in the Pocono Mountains of Pennsylvania. They have three grown sons. Where does he rank himself in the pantheon of tennis heroes? "A computer tournament had me beating Bill Tilden in the finals," he says, "so I guess I'd have to go along with that."

"It was an obvious target," says **Roger Bannister**, 60, of the four-minute mile, a barrier that no runner before him had ever broken. Representing Britain in the 1952 Olympics, Bannister had finished a disappointing fourth in the 1,500 meters. But two years later, as a medical student at England's Oxford University, Bannister, then 25, ran a mile in 3:59:40. "It was something to justify the many years I had spent running," he says today of the under-four-minute milestone. "I recognized it as a landmark because it came at a time when [England] was in difficulties. After the war there was a feeling of poverty and confusion, and it was a time in which patriotism was important. My record was regarded as some kind of psychological lift that could help the country gain some new self-respect." Today Bannister is a researcher and teacher of neurology and fills the post of Master of Pembroke College, Oxford. In 1975, he was knighted for his work as chairman of the National Sports Council, an organization that builds recreational facilities throughout Britain. The world record for the mile now stands at 3:46:76. Will man ever run a 3:30 mile? "To use an analogy from another event," says Bannister, "it will be quite a hurdle."



ELENA SEIBERT/OUTLINE PRESS



FPG INTERNATIONAL

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Monday Tuesday Wednesday



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

"What I took from the Olympics was not just a gold medal. It was an understanding of the pursuit of excellence," says **Billy Mills**, who surprised just about everyone at the 1964 Tokyo Games when he won the gold in the 10,000 meters, a distance the Marine Corps officer had run competitively only four times before. He remains the only American to win that Olympic event. Mills, whose life was depicted in the 1984 film *Running Brave*, is half-Indian and grew up on a Sioux reservation in South Dakota. After the death of his father, Mills, then 12, was sent to an Indian boarding school and began running, he says, "to find a culture that accepted me on equal terms." After Mills retired from world-class competition in 1967, he turned to helping Indian people. From 1970 to 1973, he served as Assistant to the Commissioner for the Bureau of Indian Affairs. He founded a career training program for Indian youth in 1980 and was appointed National Chairman of Native Americans in 1984. A lecturer and insurance salesman, Mills, 51, today heads Running Strong, a fund-raising organization for Indian reservations. Mills lives near Sacramento, Calif., with Patricia, his wife of 28 years, and his four daughters. He jogs about 20 miles a week and competes in charity runs in order "to bring a better understanding between Indian and non-Indian communities."

It was on Feb. 7, 1969, that **Diane Crump** became the first female jockey to ride at a major track; a year later she rode in the Kentucky Derby (her mount, Fathom, finished close to last). "I didn't think I was special," says Crump, now 41, "but I knew I was capable. I believe that anyone who is capable should have the right to do what they are good at." Although many women have become jockeys since Crump's first ride, only one other, Patti Cooksey, has made the run for the roses. "There aren't as many women jockeys as there are men," explains Crump, "so it's not too likely that a woman will be so lucky as to ride one of the best horses in the country." Crump feels the odds are stacked against female jockeys in the male-dominated sport of kings. She put her career as a jockey on hold in 1985 to spend more time with her daughter, Della, 10, and to train horses near her northern Virginia home. Although she recently broke several bones in a serious fall from a horse she was exercising, she says she has not put her racing silks away forever. "If I can buy a yearling and get it ready to race, and if I'm the one getting thrown, taking all the hard knocks, then I should be the one to ride."



JERRY COOKE



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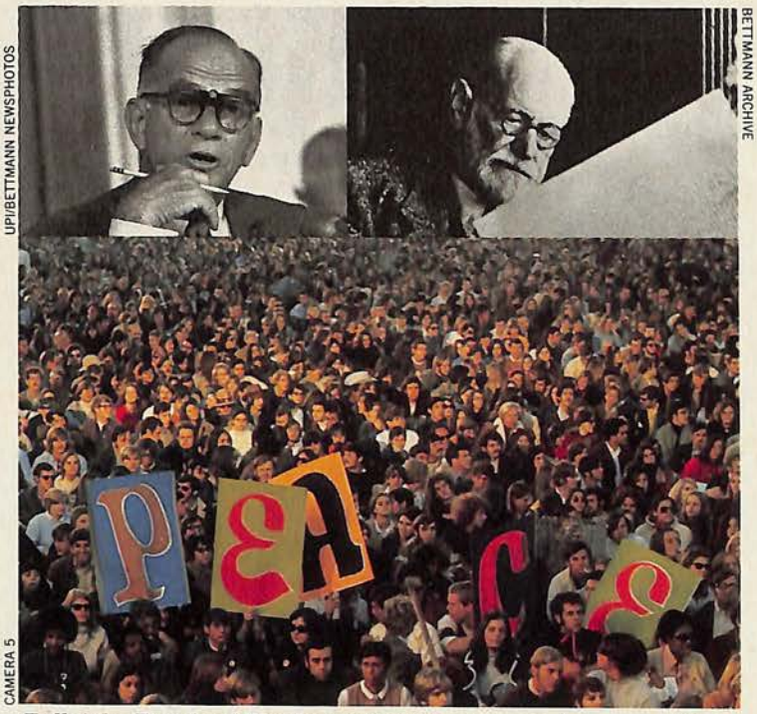
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Hankering After Lions

By Henry Mitchell

YOU CAN'T HELP NOTICING that memory not only delights and depresses, it instructs. And while we hate being preached at—especially by our own memory, for Pete's sake—we sometimes make a note and sometimes even learn something. Not often, of course. You can take only so much.

Tucked away in this issue of this magazine is a grim sentence: "I have had little confidence in what the Government said since then." That is, since the Tonkin Gulf incident of 1964, in which the nation was deceived. An imaginary attack was the peg on which a disastrous piece of foreign policy was hung. In the end we just called it quits in Vietnam and got out, but not before many lives were lost and some good men were pilloried.



Fulbright, Freud and Woodstock: Sometimes we even learn something.

The sentence is from J. William Fulbright, former Democratic senator from Arkansas and once chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. Something is screwy when a Foreign Relations chairman winds up saying he hardly believes what his Government says on great matters like war and peace.

Only the late Senators Wayne Morse and Ernest Gruening were correct in their suspicion that the so-called attack in the Tonkin Gulf was a bunch of bull. Eighty-five percent of Americans, according to one poll, went along with Lyndon Johnson and Robert McNamara, raising the stakes in Vietnam.

Johnson paid a little for his error, the loss of the Presidency and maybe the shame of having damaged America; McNamara, still circulating about the nation's capital, has his good intentions to cheer him up over the tragedy of the war.

Senator Fulbright, despite the many honors heaped on him, still smarts at the mention of Tonkin. He is sorry for his decision then to go along with the President. He's still hot that he was deceived.

In some countries if you have great power and are flat wrong they shoot you. In America, as long as we mean well, there are no penalties. You retire to a quiet life and the lucrative lecture circuit.

But there ought to be a monument somewhere, in a capital full of monuments to the vainglorious, to the senators who were right at a critical time.

The trouble with a democracy is supposed to be that in a crisis the government cannot act fast enough: All that fiddling about with checks and balances, and getting consensus before anything is done. But in the case of Vietnam, the trouble was not acting too slowly but acting without knowing what the hell was going on. Tonkin Gulf is the classic example. Everyone rallied round, except it was an illusion that grew up to a disaster.

When Sigmund Freud was alive and bold he was the target of every tin-pot imbecile with a pulpit. His discoveries and insights, however, were so powerful that even the least sophisticated people registered their force. It was not possible to maintain he was a charlatan, not when everybody who read him or got the news through osmosis suddenly gulped and knew that the news was true.

It's human to grumble at the great. A person breaks new ground, comes up with a whole new way of understanding the world, so naturally we find fault with his accent, his beard or his lapse from total wisdom in all things. You can snarl at the great, once you have learned from them. You can go on to yap about their feet like an ungrateful terrier.

Now Freud has been dead long enough that there's not much profit in trashing him. This is progress. As humans we cannot get enough of the jackals that pop up in a great man's wake, but after a while we get tired of jackals and start hankering for the big lion again. Maybe just comb out and trim up the mane a little.

Speaking of combs, it's wonderful that a Woodstock participant should ask "whether the Woodstock Generation has done better than others." The wonderful thing about the question is that it presupposes that getting together for a long weekend of music might transform a generation into saviors of the world. Or, even better, that natural-born saviors discovered *themselves* at a rock festival of peace, love and dope-smoking.

Many in the Woodstock Generation seem to have mistaken the passing flush of pleasure for a transcendent illumination of life forever. The original festival was remarkable for its peacefulness and euphoria, however produced. But listening to music, even when accompanied by slogans, will not fill a life. The usual legacy of such an event is a precious memory very like the dawning of sex or the first sighting of Chartres. Young people are intense about such things until they begin to feel that perhaps they have invested too much in too ephemeral an endeavor. Which is why the sacred cause at 19 or 21 rarely predicts what the person is going to be up to at 39 or 41. ■

HENRY MITCHELL *is a columnist for the* Washington Post.

LETTERS



Aged Youth

Before Her Time

20TH CENTURY-FOX ALWAYS knocked a year off Shirley Temple's age, and MEMORIES has followed suit ["50 Years Ago"]. Miss Dimples turned 11 in 1939, and even she was not aware of her own age.

HAROLD MATTSON
New York, N.Y.

You're right; she was born on April 23, 1928.—Ed.

Memorable Morsels

YOUR LATEST ISSUE SO entertained and educated me that I found myself reading the Editor's Letter (something I don't do often) to learn more about you. The photo of [Senior Editor] Maureen McFadden is worth the 1,000 words!

I'm a high school librarian and a member of the first year of baby-boomers (1946), so I especially enjoy the more recent pages. When I can part with my issues, I use them at work for ideas with U.S. history papers. The last issue's articles on Frankfurter and on the original astronauts were just morsels of food for thought for high-school students.

CHEREE HETHERSHAW
Pleasanton, Calif.

Hail Brittania

HAVE JUST DISCOVERED YOUR magazine. It is so lovely to see an American magazine at our newsagent's. I do hope that it will always be obtainable here. It is nice to have more information on American news items, stars and so on. Thank you for MEMORIES, a little piece of America in our country.

SYLVIA BROWN
Essex, England

Strike One

MY 11-YEAR-OLD SON FOUND something missing in "Play Ball!" As he looked at pictures of past Presidents throwing out baseballs, he asked me why Reagan wasn't represented. Why was there a picture of Bush from 1988, when he was only the President-elect, but none of Reagan, who was in office for eight years?

ELISE N. MILLER
Wheeling, Ill.

Youth will be served.—Ed.



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Reagan on the mound, 1988.

Please address your letters to: MEMORIES, 1515 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036. You should include your address and telephone number for verification. Letters may be edited for clarity and length.

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